# The Improvement ERA

APRIL, 1934
Volume 37 Number 4
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# Utah State Agricultural College

LOGAN, UTAH

"HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS"

*Photo by Adelbert Bartlett.*

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Volume 37 APRIL, 1934 Number 4

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

***Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education***

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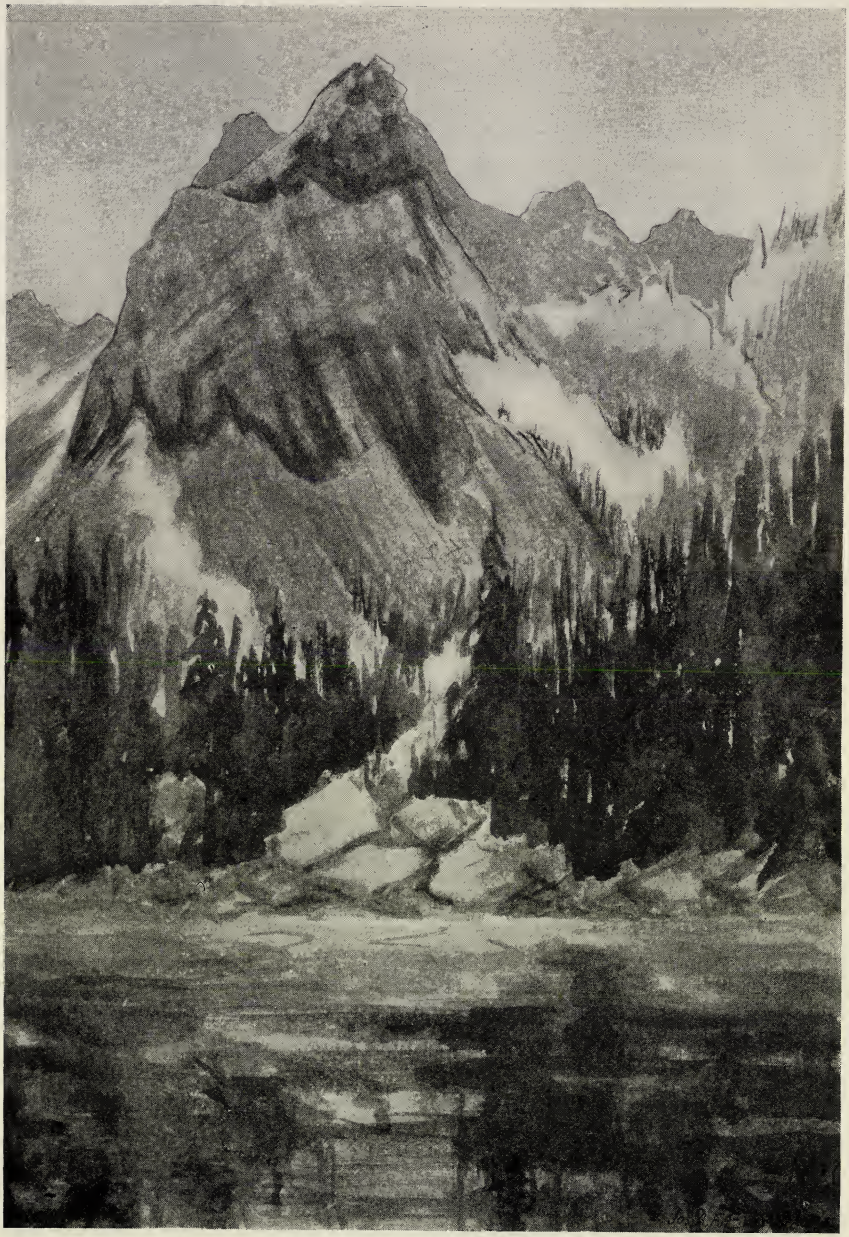
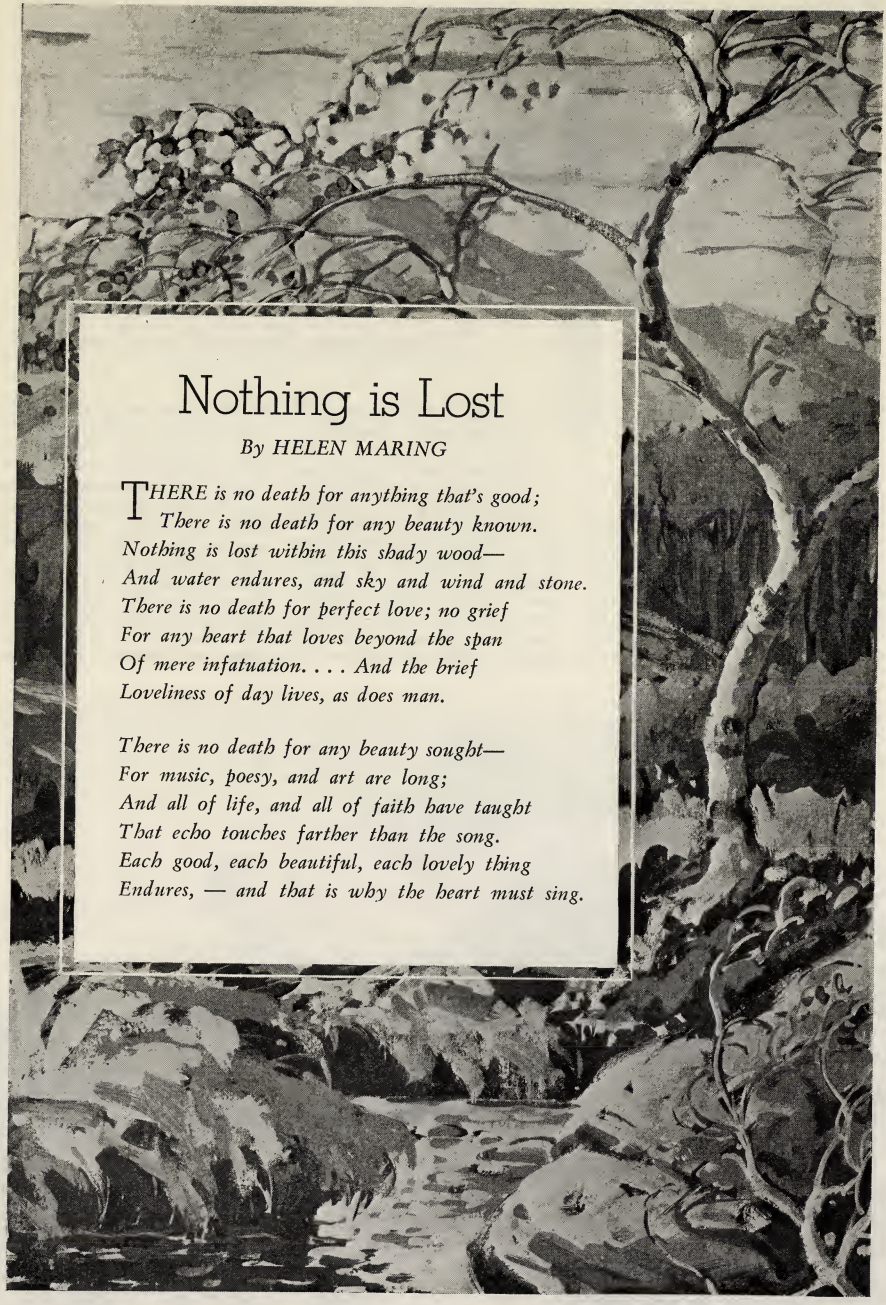


"WASATCH PEAKS," BY JOSEPH A. F. EVERETT



# Nothing is Lost

*By HELEN MARING*

*THERE is no death for anything that's good;*
*There is no death for any beauty known.*
*Nothing is lost within this shady wood—*
*And water endures, and sky and wind and stone.*
*There is no death for perfect love; no grief*
*For any heart that loves beyond the span*
*Of mere infatuation. . . . And the brief*
*Loveliness of day lives, as does man.*

*There is no death for any beauty sought—*
*For music, poesy, and art are long;*
*And all of life, and all of faith have taught*
*That echo touches farther than the song.*
*Each good, each beautiful, each lovely thing*
*Endures, — and that is why the heart must sing.*

# Jesus

## Supreme Spiritual Leader

EVERYONE who undertakes to write about Jesus inevitably ends in telling more about himself than about his subject. The so-called biographies of Jesus are chiefly significant for what they disclose of the religious and theological ideas of their writers, who generally ascribe to Jesus all that they possibly can of their own spiritual heritage. They are invariably controlled by their own emotional attitudes.

This is what makes it so difficult and so dangerous to try to write about him. How can one hope to escape what is seen to be a universal failing? He has proved a veritable standard, a gauge, a scale by which every writer about him involuntarily measures himself. Or, in the language of the ancient Syrian hymn, he is the Mirror of the Soul.

The earliest gospel described Jesus as preeminently a Doer. He was not a recluse or a solitary. He moved among people and was always doing for them—helping them, curing them, feeding them, championing them, saving them. To the modern student, this is the meaning of the miracles. They reflect the ancient impression of Jesus as a Doer. He did not lament and wring his hands over situations; he corrected them. Nothing is surer about the death of Jesus than that it resulted from his vigorous interference with religious abuses at Jerusalem. He did not

CHRIST PREACHING BY THE LAKE.—H. J. HOFFMANN.

*Photo by C. C. Pierce.*

By

# Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed

*Author of "The American Translation of the New Testament"*

just preach against them, he acted. It was this act, not any word of his, that brought down upon him the vengeance of the priestly class whose privileges he had invaded.

Jesus was also a Teacher. The body of teaching ascribed to him in the gospels is very small; he could have uttered it all in two or three hours. Some even of this is doubtless later elaboration of his actual teaching. But small as the remains of his teaching are, they are of the utmost value and potency. The Sermon on the Mount, for instance, is an extraordinary treasure of religious and moral insight. The great parables which are so characteristic of Jesus, still command the admiration and the emotion of mankind. Out of his great Jewish heritage, he unerringly chose the elements of deep enduring vitality, stripping off the narrow, external, formal and legalistic, and presenting a religious ideal of the utmost simplicity and power.

What Jesus did and taught is almost overshadowed in Christian memory by what he suffered. He was a martyr. His terrible death, so bleak and disheartening a fact for his first followers, became, such was their faith in him, one of the great religious assets of mankind. His passion crowned his life and teaching with a proof of his supreme devotion to the great cause he had undertaken—the setting up of the Kingdom of God on earth.

*Edgar J. Goodspeed*

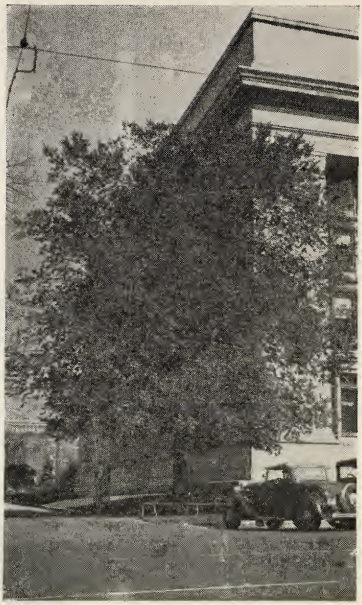
OF all the seekers after God, Jesus stands out as the one who more than any other, really found him. His religious significance has been stated in a hundred ways—Master, Savior, Messiah, Son of Man, Son of God, Bread of Life, Water of Life, Way, Truth, Life, Light of the World, and many more, but the inescapable fact is that however you may prefer to describe it, he possesses a religious significance that is really universal. And when science has won its last victory over nature and learned its last lesson, we shall still need to sit at the feet of Jesus to learn how all this new knowledge is to be used—in what spirit and with what purpose. For Jesus was the leader of a great crusade, for a new age, in which purity and good will should reign in the inner life, and justice and mutual consideration should prevail among men. Christianity is not a mere philosophy of life, it is an enlistment of all the Friends of Christ, as John called them, in this great cause of righteousness and truth. In this great cause Jesus is still the supreme spiritual leader of mankind.

*DR. GOODSPEED is an extremely versatile and competent scholar who is chairman of the department of New Testament Language and Literature at the University of Chicago. He is internationally known for his studies in the Greek language and in New Testament Literature. Not only is he thoroughly versed in the classical and Semitic languages such as Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac and Ethiopic, but he is also a writer of literary essays which appear periodically in the "Atlantic Monthly." He is especially esteemed in Utah for his inspiring lectures on the New Testament at the B. Y. U. Summer School in 1930.*

*As a scholar he is well known for his studies in the Greek papyri, his textual studies of the New Testament and the early Patristic writers. These works, together with his analyses of certain literary problems in the New Testament, have secured great attention and respect among leading scholars in Europe and America. However he is best known to the American public through his setting forth in simple straightforward language the results of scholarly researches in the New Testament field. The following books are especially popular, "The Story of the New Testament," "The Making of the English New Testament," and "the Formation of the New Testament." Of utmost importance for Bible readers in this country is his translation of the New Testament into the idiomatic English of the American People. He is the first modern translator consistently to follow the best Greek text of the New Testament, namely that of Westcott and Hort which is based on manuscripts almost 1000 years older than those used by the King James translators.*

*In his classes his versatility of illustration and presentation, combined with a most contagious enthusiasm, lend a peculiar charm to his scholarly lectures. This, together with his friendly interest in those studying under him, has greatly endeared him to his students. His interest in the New Testament is also more than that of a purely analytical literary critic, as anyone will testify who has heard his lectures on New Testament introduction, especially those on Matthew and Romans. One can never forget those stimulating and enlightening addresses which dwell on the supreme essence of the Christian religion.—Dr. Russell Swenson, a graduate from the University of Chicago.*

*When the Saints reached Salt Lake Valley their desire was to make it "blossom as the rose." Mr. Cannon, a pioneer who has seen nearly all of the trees grow from sprigs to mammoth shade-trees, tells of the favorite trees.*



HUNTINGTON ELM AT THE CORNER OF THE CHURCH OFFICE BUILDING

# TREES of Modern Zion

*By*

George M. Cannon

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." (Isa. 35:1.)

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." (Isa. 51:3.)

HUNTINGTON ELM ON WASHINGTON SQUARE (CITY AND COUNTY GROUNDS)

THE arrival of the Pioneers in the valley of the Great Salt Lake was followed by a rejoicing deep and sincere and founded on an implicit faith in the mercy and goodness of God. The quotations above taken from Isaiah were frequently heard in the public assemblies of the Latter-day Saints. The Saints proceeded to fulfill the prophetic utterances of this favorite prophet. Wherever the pioneers located, their first thought was to plant seeds that would produce food for those here and for the multitudes they were confident would soon follow after. Then followed the planting of trees, both fruit-bearing and those for shade and for timber. The result was that from the very beginning Utah became noted as an oasis in the great American Desert.

For a thousand miles to the east the country was almost a treeless plain. To the west stretched for hundreds of miles a desert. Only in the fertile valleys in the mountain tops in which the Pioneers located were found settlements in which fruitful fields mingled with trees, both fruit and shade, brought from every land to add to the comfort and happiness of the people of the intermountain country.

The first winter was passed on Pioneer Square. The center of Salt Lake City was the Temple Block, from the southeast corner of which the learned Orson Pratt, the first pioneer to enter the valley and probably its most scientific leader, located the point from which the U. S. Government surveys all radiate. On this block or public square arrangements were at once made for commencement of buildings that still attract the admiration of the thousands who yearly visit Salt Lake City. Around the four sides of the block shade trees were soon planted. Of

those planted while President Young still lived, the only trees now remaining on the sidewalk south of the Temple Block are two Ailanthus. (Trees called by the Chinese "The Tree of Heaven.") One of these, a female tree, is just south of the Bureau of Information at the entrance to the Tabernacle Grounds. The only other survivor is a male tree of the same kind, Ailanthus, that stands over the drinking fountain at the southeast corner of the block. Two or three more trees of this same kind stand on the sidewalk east of the Temple Square.

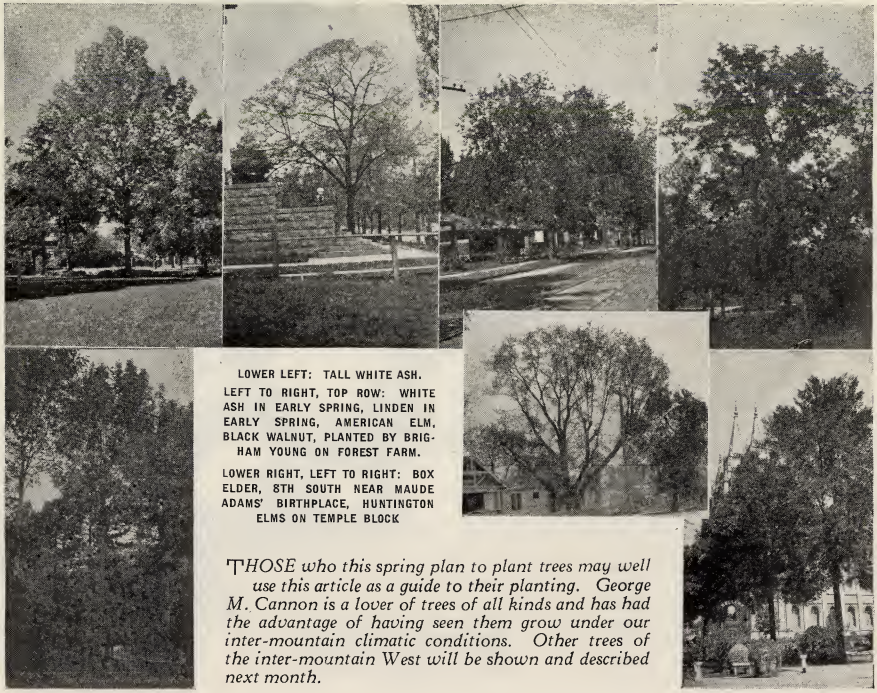
THE Ailanthus was among the trees early imported into Utah. It is easily grown from seed, and here seems immune to attacks of insects. The female trees are more beautiful in summer but less attractive after frost comes. The seeds grow in great masses and appear in either golden or sometimes a brilliant red. In the summer time these seed clusters grow more bright and attractive as the season advances. But with the coming of winter the seeds assume a dull, dark grey far from attractive to most people, although some see a charm in even the somber masses which hang tenaciously on tree tips until another season's crop appears. The wood is noted for its pure white color and is sometimes used for decorative purposes.

NORWAY MAPLES IN FULL FOLIAGE

The attitude of the Pioneers of Utah toward tree planting was one of deep interest from the beginning. All varieties of choice fruit trees were quickly brought into the new settlements, and in a marvelously short time the needs of the people for fresh fruits were supplied. Nurseries were quickly established, and trees best adapted to the climate in the various sections were soon grown in abundance.

But fruit trees were not the only ones to receive the attention of the leading Pioneers. Salt Lake City was laid out in the main in rectangular blocks, mostly of ten acres each. The streets were eight rods (132 feet)

(*Continued on page* 223)



LOWER LEFT: TALL WHITE ASH.

LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP ROW: WHITE ASH IN EARLY SPRING, LINDEN IN EARLY SPRING, AMERICAN ELM, BLACK WALNUT, PLANTED BY BRIGHAM YOUNG ON FOREST FARM.

LOWER RIGHT, LEFT TO RIGHT: BOX ELDER, 8TH SOUTH NEAR MAUDE ADAMS' BIRTHPLACE, HUNTINGTON ELMS ON TEMPLE BLOCK

*THOSE who this spring plan to plant trees may well use this article as a guide to their planting. George M. Cannon is a lover of trees of all kinds and has had the advantage of having seen them grow under our inter-mountain climatic conditions. Other trees of the inter-mountain West will be shown and described next month.*

# LITTLE JEFF

*Little Jeff was not very wise and not very big, but he was loyal. Old Mike had faith in that loyalty.*

THE THING THAT SENT LITTLE JEFF'S HACKLES ERECT LIKE THE SPINES OF A PORCUPINE WAS THE SIGHT OF THE GAUNT, GRAY FORM OF AN ENORMOUS SHE-WOLF.

SOMETHING in the timbre of the men's voices caused the dog to raise his head from his out-stretched fore-paws and cock one ear alertly upward. He was a small dog; black, except for a comical white patch over his right eye. His hair was short and soft, and there were few doggish moods he couldn't adequately express with his wriggling body, aided and abetted by a pair of perky ears and an impudent tail which waved triumphantly aloft and was seldom still.

He heard his own name spoken, and his tail waggled an acknowl-

# By FRANK C. ROBERTSON

*Illustrated by*
*PAUL CLOWES*

edgment. It wasn't quite the correct pronunciation — as he knew it. The tall, blond young sheepman had said "Jeff." The little dog believed his name to be "Jaff," because that was the way his master, old "Mexican Mike," always pronounced it. And now, had old Mike spoken the name he would have bounded to his feet in an instant, and been leaping frantically upward in an attempt to lick the old man's face.

But he felt that he owed the friend of his master the courtesy of a tail thump.

Had Jeff been able to understand the young sheepman's remarks his tail might have drooped.

"What worries me most, Mike, is that dog of yours," Lon Enright remarked. "I know Jeff is a friendly little ole pooch, but he's no sheep dog. An' you're goin' to need a good dog mighty bad over here."

"Don' you worry 'bout de poppy, Meester Enright, 'e es good pop. An' hole Mexican Mike she can still 'erd de lammies lak any-t'ing you ever see. No got beeg muscle any more, but de feengers on de feet dey yust as good as anybody's," the old herder assured.

"Yes, I know," Lon nodded. "You've herded sheep in this country a long time. I know you know your business, but—"

"A long tam!" Mexican Mike interrupted indignantly, "I breeng de firs' 'erd of sheep hinto dis countree."

"I know," Lon said somewhat impatiently. He had heard the story before; how this old man had trailed the first herd of sheep through Ten Mile pass. "That was so long ago that Ten Mile pass hadn't got its growth yet," he smiled. "Only about six miles long then wasn't it?"

"You yoke," Mike grinned. "But dere was grass so 'igh den dat I 'ave to yump up lak hantelope to keep from geet lost."

"I wish it was that way now," Lon said with a rueful glance at the barren slopes upon which his small herd was then grazing.

THIS had been a hard winter for the struggling young sheepman. All his earthly possessions were represented by this band of woollies. Now his hay was all gone, and no more was obtainable. He had been compelled to trail his little herd across the snow fields to these bare, rocky slopes. Worse, this feeble old Mexican with his worthless pup was the only herder he had been able to obtain.

Lon had no idea how old Mike was; nor did the old man himself, though he was certainly past seventy. And Lon himself couldn't stay with the herd because of a certain delicate, but all important reason. Any day now the young sheepman was expecting the arrival of his first heir.

"If I could hire anybody to help you for a few days, Mike, I would," Lon said. "But that big Nallin outfit are hirin' everybody they can for their lambing season, an' I ain't been able to find a man that'll come."

"Don' you worry, Lon. Me an' de poppy we mak' hout hall right," Mike assured him. "I know how eet ees. You should notta leave your wife alone even now."

"Don't I know it," Lon groaned. "If—if anything should happen before I got back—." He paused and for a moment his lower lip trembled.

Jeff whined softly. Somehow or other this big fellow seemed to need sympathy.

"W'en you come back you be proud poppa. You shove hout de beeg ches' an' say 'w'at a man I

ham.' You go 'long—ever't'ing gonna be hall right.

The big young sheepman smiled.

"Sure. Everything's goin' to be all right. An' I'll come back over at least every other morning, or send somebody. An' watch out for that old she-wolf we saw yesterday. She's got pups somewhere, and I doubt if there's any other sheep she can get at so handy as ours. That kind of an animal is always dangerous."

"Mebbe-so me an' Jaff we ketch-um dem pops," old Mike grinned.

"If you do you'll be hollerin' for somebody to turn you loose from the old one," Lon said grimly.

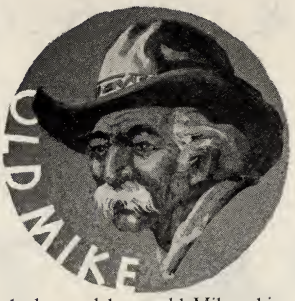
There was nothing more he could do, and he was in a hurry to get home. There was nobody with his wife except a ten year old neighbor girl. Every hour he had spent with the sheep had been a living torment of anxiety.

HE had done all he could. From now on it was up to old Mexican Mike. The old fellow was willing, and there seemed no tiring of his rusty joints, but the work of handling the band among these high, broken, snow-bound ridges was enough to daunt a young man, even with a good dog. And little Jeff, though willing, had received little training as a sheep dog. Lon hoped that he would soon be able to replace them with a younger man and a better dog.

The sheep were now spread out on bare slopes directly in front of the camp tent. A great, long ridge ran north and south, and it was on one bar on the west side of it where the sheep now grazed. Mike's worry was that some of them might cross the long drifts to the north or south while the crust was hard, and be unable to get back to the main herd after the sun had softened the snow.

He had no fear that his charges would cross the main top of the ridge. All along the eastern crest was a monster comb of snow which projected out like an overhanging cliff, and was from twenty to fifty feet high. The snow, having blown over from the top of the main ridge was crested over like a quarter moon. It would be many weeks before sheep would cross that drift.

Half an hour after Lon Enright




had started home old Mike whistled to his dog and started to climb the main ridge on an open bar next to the one on which the sheep were now grazing. Between the two was a wide draw covered with snow.

Just as they started the old herder saw a venturesome ewe come out on the edge of the snow, far above, and gaze longingly at the other bare bar. The feed there was no better than the one where she was, but with bovine dullness the creature perhaps imagined that it must be better.

Old Mike let out a yell in his shrill, falsetto voice, and the ewe turned her head toward him for a moment with a look of placid inquiry. Then she took a few tentative steps farther out on the snow. At first the crust crumbled under her sharp hoofs, but getting out where the snow was deeper it held her weight. Again she regarded the old herder with a look of mild curiosity as he frantically waved and yelled, and then she marched blandly across to the other bar. And sheep would not be sheep if she didn't at once have followers. Behind her, single-file, trailed an unbroken string of ewes.

"Geet away 'roun' heem, Jaff—way 'roun' heem," old Mike yelled excitedly, and with an ardent desire to please, the young dog bolted straight up the mountain side like a black streak. In his excitement he let out a volley of sharp, breathless yips which seemed to trail after him through the atmosphere like the tail of a comet.

UNFORTUNATELY his eagerness made the situation worse. The ewes paused for a moment to inspect this small canine hurricane; then panic overtook them. Right at the lower edge of the drift the line parted. Those that were across fled incontinently across the bare ridge toward the next drift; their short tails bobbing grotesquely, while the others turned and fled less rapidly but with equal vim back toward the main body of the herd.

Somewhat nonplused by this development Jeff paused to look back at the herder. The excitable old Mexican was dancing wildly about, shouting and gesticulating like a mad man. Jeff knew that he was expected to do something—but he didn't know just what.

He bounded and barked. His ears were cocked ahead and his whole body wriggled. Then, deciding that it was the small bunch of fifteen or twenty that Mike wanted him to go after he cut across in pursuit of them, yelping with amazing lung power for so small a dog. He was entirely too excited to understand old Mike's profane pleas in mingled English and Mexican that he come back.

Hearing this canine tornado behind them the blindly stampeding ewes put all the speed they had into their blind flight. Another drift loomed before them, and it had an abrupt break-off of ten or fifteen feet. They didn't have time to stop. Over it they shot, some landing upon their feet, others rolling over and over when they struck the bottom, but all continuing their stampede as they saw Jeff clear the snow-comb with a magnificent leap. They took another drift, and yet another; until finally they were in the bottom of a deep canyon completely covered with snow.

Here the sun had softened the crust until it wouldn't sustain the weight of a sheep. Bogged to their bellies the animals floundered helplessly, and when Jeff came up to them they turned their big, soft, dumb eyes upon him in hopeless inquiry.

And Jeff, now that he had overtaken his quarry, didn't know what to do with them. He looked for the herder, but old Mike wasn't in sight. He trotted around the fugitives, and as they lay there quietly awaiting their fate he walked up and sniffed at each one curiously. He cocked one ear ahead in comical perplexity, and emitted a couple of short barks. The ewes made an awkward struggle or two and gave it up. There is no fighting spirit in a sheep.

At last Jeff padded across the snow beyond the sheep and lay

down. The thawing crust would support his lighter weight. He couldn't get the ewes to move, so he decided that he must wait awhile for Mike.

Meanwhile old Mike had been hurrying up the mountain-side, his thin, creaky old limbs impelling him forward at an unbelievable rate of speed. He was so stooped that his fingers almost touched the ground as he walked, and he did occasionally seize a small bush to drag himself forward. And as he proceeded he called steadily upon all his Saints to wreak vengeance upon the offending ewes, and the more offending pup.

He knew what would happen. At the best it would take him hours to get the runaways back unless he overhauled them at once. And while about that there was no telling what the main herd might do, nor how many other bunches might stray off. His excited, agonized imagination pictured the great, gaunt wolf he and Lon had seen, charging into the herd and working bloody destruction.

Arriving at the top of the drift which the ewes had taken so precipitously he forgot that he was an old man with limbs stiffened by age and rheumatism. Instead of looking for an easier place to get down he jumped over the edge with reckless haste. He had deep snow to light upon, but he fell awkwardly. His skinny old legs punctured the snow, and he went in to the waist. Beneath the snow was a network of chaparral brush which gripped his legs like the tentacles of an octupus.

Frantically the old herder tried to release himself, but without avail. He was stuck fast. One ankle had been badly twisted, and this gave him pain. For a few minutes he tried to extricate himself, and then he gave way to panic. He tugged and twisted, but his efforts only drew him deeper, and the tendrils of the chaparral gripped him tighter.

IT was hours later that the exhausted old herder suddenly heard a familiar little yelp, and a moment later a soft tongue was licking his cheek. Unable to understand why his master didn't move little Jeff could only whine his sympathy.

All of old Mike's anger had melted. He hugged the dog to him, and addressed him with the liquid tones of his half-forgotten mother tongue. Jeff's presence was wonderfully comforting. The helpless, all-alone feeling had been almost worse than the physical torture.

"Poor lettla Jaff, you no feela too bad," he said. "Hole Mexican Mike she not too moocha good anyhow. I no pull t'roo heet ess hall right, but de poor lettla lammies, w'at goin' 'appen wit' dem?"

Little Jeff could only whine his sympathy.

In sudden panic old Mike noticed that the great golden ball of the sun seemed balanced on the very edge of the sky-line. It would soon drop out of sight, and the herd was not gathered.

Even with death staring him in the face the instincts of the shepherd dominated his mind. His chief regret was that the sheep would be scattered over the ridges, and at the mercy of the great predatory beasts which he knew lurked in the country, to say nothing of the coyotes which infested the range.

There was but one chance to gather them to camp, where they would be reasonably safe. If he could make Jeff understand!

"De lammies, Jaffy—you mus' 'roun' up de lammies. Way 'roun' heem, Jaff!"

The old man waved his arm in a semi-circle back toward the ridge. Promptly Jeff rushed a few rods in the indicated direction, but he could see no sheep. The dog stopped and perked his ears forward perplexedly. He stood on his hind feet, trying to see where the sheep were which his master wanted him to go around. He whimpered with anxiety.

And all the while old Mike waved his arm, and continued to call out the phrase whose meaning the dog had been taught to dimly comprehend.

"'Way 'roun' heem, Jaff. 'Way 'roun' heem."

Finally Jeff was induced to cross the big drift, and he disappeared from sight. The cold, weary old man gave a shuddering sigh of relief. He was hanging onto consciousness through sheer willpower alone.

Five minutes later old Mike was roused by a sharp, shrill yelp. There, above the ridge, stood Jeff, head cocked to one side, ear perked

(*Continued on page 243*)

## *The Frontispiece*

*JOSEPH A. F. EVERETT is the author of the painting which is used as a frontispiece this month. It is a water-color of one of the most majestic peaks of the Wasatch Range of mountains.*

*The author is a native of Salt Lake City and a descendant from a long line of English artists. Although he is most at home with water-colors he can handle other media with expertness. A lover of the out-of-doors, he goes direct to nature for his subjects as well as for his inspiration. Possessed of a poetic nature, he has the ability to see the beauties of the earth and sky and the skill to transfer what he sees to his paper.*

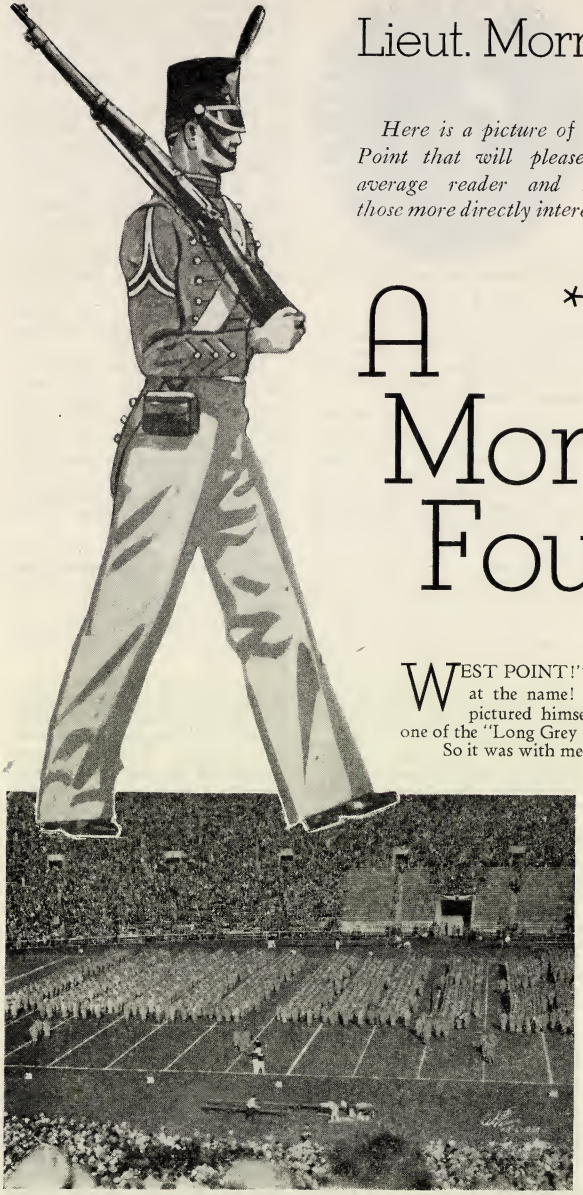
*Mr. Everett's artistic ability was discovered early in life. He was advised to study with J. T. Harwood, a master of color. Afterward he had the opportunity to study in the South Kensington Schools of England and in numerous art galleries throughout Europe. Upon his return to Utah he continued his painting and was soon exhibiting in British Columbia, Portland, San Francisco, and in his own state. He has maintained, through visits, an acquaintanceship with the art colonies of California. A recent exhibit of his paintings in Salt Lake City attracted considerable attention. Art critics pronounced his work to be of high order.*

*Although Mr. Everett is a careful draftsman, he is never so much interested in the actual features of a scene as he is in the interplay of light and shadow, in atmosphere, and in tone-gradation. The frontispiece, in the original, has a charm given magnificent mountain from the shores of an alpine lake. The deft handling of color has added much to the feeling of the painting to it not only by the up-thrust of that ing. If it were to be criticized it would be censured for its being too beautiful rather than for its lack of anything in particular.*

*The modest range of colors used by the artist is influential, perhaps, in preserving a unity of impression. Few artists of today are more careful in their selection of colors than he.*

*While, as said before, most of his work is in water-color, he does not hesitate to combine methods in achieving his purposes. He frequently uses pen and ink and pencil despite the danger of ruining his sketches.*

*Mr. Everett is best known for his woods and foliage, mountains, and snow scenes. —M.*

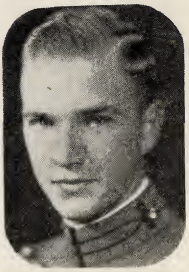


THE CADETS BACKING THE ARMY AT A FOOTBALL CONTEST

*By*

## Lieut. Morris O. Edwards

*Here is a picture of West Point that will please the average reader and thrill those more directly interested.*



SECOND LIEUTENANT MORRIS O. EDWARDS

# A Mormon's Four Years

WEST POINT!" What boy's heart has not quickened at the name! What aspiring young man has not pictured himself standing erect, immobile—himself one of the "Long Grey Line"—himself wearing Kaydet Grey! So it was with me—West Point a fond, distant dream—and so it might yet be, if it were not that I was brought to realize that West Point was a practical possibility—available to me as to every other boy of American birth and citizenship.

Utah has eight vacancies at West Point—aside from some possible appointments from the "At Large," and from among members of the Regular Army and National Guard. Each Senator and Representative has two vacancies to fill and it has become customary for each of these to fill the vacancies by a competitive examination. This examination for obvious reasons follows very closely the qualifying mental examination required of all candidates for West Point, i. e., covering algebra, to include quadratic equations and progressions, plane geometry, English grammar, composition and literature, general and United States history. Each

# at WEST POINT

ABOVE: WEST POINT—THE BEAUTIFUL CAMPUS ON THE HUDSON.
BELOW: "THE LONG GREY LINE."

appointing Congressman usually appoints a principal and three alternates. These four candidates must then take a qualifying physical examination and must qualify mentally in one of three ways: (a) regular mental examination as outlined above, (b) secondary school certificate with validating examination in algebra, plane geometry and English, or (c) college or college entrance board certificate from a university, college or technical school accredited by the United States Military Academy.

Four Utah vacancies at West Point were filled last July 1st. Next year only one vacancy will occur—that of Senator King.* The year after next, however, there will be three vacancies—the two senatorial, and that of the first congressional district. In the past, quite a few Utah vacancies have been filled by boys not of Utah nativity —Army children, etc. This is not because the educational system of Utah is at fault, but because Utah boys—either through lack of interest or lack of knowledge of what is required, fail to make a proper preparation for the necessary examinations. These latter are not difficult, but they are thorough and they are technical. They require special study and application, and the younger a boy starts preparing himself, the better opportunity he will have to succeed.

Candidates report to West Point for admission on the 1st of July. Along with ninety or a hundred others, I sat in the sooty West Shore Railroad that wound its way along the fifty-two miles of the Hudson shore intervening between New York City and West Point. I had been told to wait until the last minute to arrive—12:00 noon (those who came early just let themselves in for that much more "reception.") The grandeur of West Point cannot be appreciated from the Railroad Station. So I received my first disappointment when I jumped down from the train only to perceive a long hill to

(*Continued on page 216*)

*This appointment has now been filled.

NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN THE SHERIFF FROM NEVADA; BUT HIS REPUTATION HAD LONG PRECEDED HIS APPEARANCE. COLD AS STEEL, HARD AS FLINT—HE STOOD THERE A VERITABLE GOLIATH—A COLOSSAL PILLAR OF THE LAW

# Fine Raiment

*By*
OLIVE M. NICHOLES

SILAS LANE closed the brass-bound covers of the great Bible with reverent fingers and gazed with concern at his eldest born beside him. Marcia did not return his gaze but sat with drooping head, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She felt the eyes of the entire family upon her—from Ben, two years her junior, to little Nancy May. Her mother's gentle voice, alone, broke the oppressive silence that had settled down upon the supper table, as she served, impartially, corn bread and molasses and heavy tin cups, foaming with fresh milk.

"Ben will take a written message to Rod, for you. It is not too late to accept his invitation to the festival," her father resumed at last.

Marcia nodded and tried to force the morsel of corn bread past the lump in her throat. It was no use to argue that she had promised to go to the dance with Arthur Dancey—graceful, debonair, well-dressed Arthur who could swing his partner through all the intricacies of quadrille and reel without once stepping on her toes.

To be sure she liked Rod's honest, ruddy face beneath the rumpled shock of corn-colored hair, the steadfast blue eyes and his great breath-taking strength. Beside Arthur's lithesome figure he seemed like something primitive—better fitted to stalk through the forest with a wolf-skin across his muscular shoulders and a stone-ax in his hand. He appeared at the dances in homespun and hickory, ridiculously short as to wrists and ankles—beating time with his bare feet to the glide and dip of Old Ezra's fiddle bow. Marcia almost laughed aloud as she compared the two in her mind's eye, but came to herself with a start as her father's voice fell upon her ear.

"You are to go with Rod, you understand," he reiterated.

"Yes, father," she answered, obediently, lifting soft, brown eyes to meet his own. Deep, within her own soul, she knew her father was right. Kind and gentle as a woman to the weak and helpless, he made no compromise with evil. He had crossed the plains by handcart, scarcely resting in "the Valley" before the call to "Dixie" had found him ready and willing to place his all, again, upon the altar of his faith. They had stood upon the crest of those formidable, black ledges and looked with awe upon the desert valley beneath them.

Just so Escalante had stood—seeing only wastelands rimmed by worn, vermillion cliffs and the muddy waters of a sluggish river. Hot, dry, and uncompromising—he had left it without a backward glance.

Not so these valiants of the Faith. The unconquered valley lay beneath them, drowsing in the brilliant, winter sunshine. Their eyes, kindled with vision, saw within the hollow of its sandy palm the fate of many commonwealths—radiating from its center like spokes of a gigantic wheel. They wrestled with the treacherous waters of the river. The Indian, no less treacherous, skulked beside them. They poured their hearts' blood out upon the thirsty sand. Unflinchingly they fought on, until Temple, chapel, homes, and schools, fragrant vineyards, fields of grain, and orchards heavy with abundant yield replaced the cactus and the chaparral, the yucca and the purple sage. Small wonder, then, that he should strive to keep that vision shining in his children's eyes. Down the vista of the years he saw the vision grow; saw the answer to the prophecy, "Some day this valley should be the head and not the 'tail-end' of Zion;" and bent his back, again, above the creaking plow.

*Fine feathers make fine birds—sometimes—not always. Here is a picture of a Dixie party of early days with odors of spices and vinegar pies thrown in by one who knows her Dixie.*

MARCIA was only seventeen and the rigors of pioneer life pressed hard upon her beauty-loving soul. Although she pitted her young strength against the wilderness without complaint, she held close her dreams of other lands and times. For this reason, alone, she found a close companion in the rotund person of Miss Emmeline Dancey—known affectionately as "Em."

Back in the glorious and obscure past, an ancestress to the Dancey Clan had served as "Maid-in-Waiting" to a Queen. That this was the unadulterated truth and not the figment of a fanciful dream, was borne out by a huge chest, overflowing with silk and satin and velvet gowns—musty and mildewed and brittle with age. Marcia and Em spent many happy hours in the Dancey attic, "trying-on," dancing, or planning alterations that Em and her leisure-loving mother never found time to undertake.

Marcia was thinking of this as she slipped through the pomegranate hedge—aglow with rosy-tinted fruit, gleaming like little golden lanterns through the varnished green leaves. Late roses, struggling for one more day of fragrant supremacy, rioted amongst young ailanthus shoots that screened the dilapidated old house from the street.

Marcia found Em and her mother seated on the rickety veranda—a gorgeous heap of great - grand - aunt's" finery billowing about their feet. Mrs. Dancey surrendered her needle, with little argument to Marcia's ingenious fingers. She enjoyed nothing better than to talk and rock. Having anticipated the corsetless figure by half-a-century, she surrendered herself to the comfort of the rocking-chair with a happy sigh—her nested chin resting in triple sequence upon the calico expanse of her ample bosom.

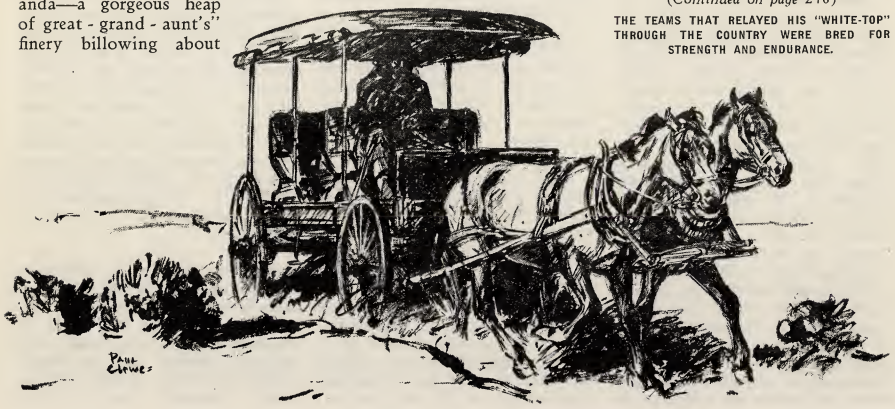
Marcia ripped, and stitched and fitted until the last rays of the November sunshine gilded the distant ridge. She sighed a little as she draped the heavy brocade about Em's too plump shoulders. Silas Lane would never tolerate such open defiance to Brother Brigham's counsel and advice. For what reason other than this wanton display of fashion and figure had their leader urged Retrenchment upon them? Marcia, herself, would go to the dance under the Bowery of cotton-wood boughs, dressed in full-skirted calico and home-made, square-toed little shoes, and perhaps, her mother's coral beads around her slender throat.

Em's father had come of sturdy stock, the last of a line of indomitable pioneers. When he had journeyed west, his wife and children followed—not so much from desire as necessity. They leaned upon him with childish dependence and, once this support was gone, slumped into the easier ways of idleness and indifference. Arthur might have been a different man but for his mother's shielding hand. Hot blood flowed in his veins and the urge for conquest and honest victory found its outlet in the muddy channels of trickery and deceit. It was because of such as these—the luke-warm in the Faith—that Brother Brigham's heavy cane had crashed, in righteous wrath, across the Temple pulpit top. There the great welt, as deep as a man's thumb, lies today as then—displayed with equal pride and reverence, to the faithful, by the keeper of the sacred House.

ARTHUR had not yet returned from one of those mysterious journeys that took him so far afield. Em hinted of San Bernardino and "store-shoes," and perhaps a sack of white sugar, shipped in from Cuba. That he would be home for the festival was assured by a pair of new chaps, made of rippling white goat-hides, gay, embroidered boots of softest leather, and silver spurs wrought cunningly in filigree. The new sombrero and "boiled shirt" would accompany him home from "the trip." He could not miss the dance that preceded the Autumn round-up.

Then, men and boys, cheered by the festivities, rode out to brand the "Canaan Cattle." Marcia hesitated to leave her message with the two gossipy women. She preferred to meet Arthur at her Aunt Pricilla Downing's whose tongue,

(*Continued on page* 246)




THE TEAMS THAT RELAYED HIS "WHITE-TOP" THROUGH THE COUNTRY WERE BRED FOR STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE.

# Adventures in a Silent World

*By*

Orson W. Israelsen, Ph.D.

*"It is not the handicap, but reaction toward it that counts," says this man who very literally is still "singing in the rain."*

*

CAN you imagine yourself being thrust suddenly into a silent world where the birds go their joyous ways without song; where the winds make no sounds as they move through the trees; where every musical instrument is mute—into a world where the tones of the singer and the cries of the street vender alike are completely hushed? Almost six years ago, after twenty years of adult life in a world of normal hearing I was instantly transferred, without request or preparation, into a world of silence.

Since then I have heard no voices, no orchestras, no radio; nor have I heard any of the distracting noises of the busy hustle-bustle world in which we live. I have tried to use nearly every modern hearing aid device on the market, and some not yet on the market, but all with the same negative result. Venders of hearing aids, when I call on them, say almost invariably at the outset, "Oh yes, we can help you," and at the conclusion of my call they say, "Sorry, we can do nothing for you, your hearing is too far gone."

My transition from the hearing world to a world of silence was made early on a beautiful morning in early summer. For many days I had been awakened each morning by the singing of robins and blackbirds that perched and talked in the higher branches of the English elm and the silver poplar near my sleeping room window. One morning I was awakened by a terrific thumping and roaring in my head that left no place to receive the pleasing tones of singing birds. Within an hour the best doctors of medicine available were testing and examining and questioning me to find if possible the cause of the thumps and roaring. But the thumps and noises continued, and my strength waned, and the doctors and nurses and the members of my family hustled here and there until they convinced me that I was really facing grave danger.

And then suddenly their voices seemed to me to be getting off pitch —they seemed strangely high and far away. A moment of dazed amazement followed—a doctor asked me a question, but I could not answer. I saw his lips move, I knew he was speaking to me, but I could not hear him. My wife insisted that she could get me to answer the doctor's question, but she too failed. I could answer only as George Arliss did in *"The Man Who Played God,"* "I cannot hear, I am deaf, I am totally deaf."

Days of intense anxiety to my loved ones followed. One of humanity's curses had stricken me, a disease in epidemic form, a disease of which the very best of medical scientists are as yet but little informed. My family and my friends feared for my life, for recovery was quite improbable.

But the return of my health came with surprising rapidity. Only a few weeks elapsed before I returned to my office. Recovery of my hearing was predicted by many well-meaning but uninformed friends. The doctors of medicine made no predictions. They said only. "It is too early to give up hope. We can do little but wait for six months, a year, or even two years."

As months went by, and the first year and the second, it became increasingly evident that I must become re-educated; that I must learn to live in a world of silence, yet associate daily with my family, friends, and colleagues in a world of sound. The re-education meant in reality adaptation to a new and untried environment. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has recently defined education as "adaptation to environment." There is probably no better definition of the word *re-education.*

MY adaptation is not yet completed. These first six years have brought some progress. The six-year stretch on the "road of adaptation" has been rough and smooth, uphill and downhill, paved and rutted. I have come to many "detours" and "sharp

curves." At times I have done as it is said the wife of Lot did, that is, "turned and looked back," but with less serious consequences. Continuous looking backward may result, however, in lives of no more activity than one would expect from "Pillars of salt."

Almost immediately after setting out on the road of adaptation it was my good fortune to make many new friendships. Ernest Elmo Calkins, deafened for many years, assisted me wonderfully through *"Louder Please."* He told me cheerfully of his years of experience in making the adaptation and he convinced me during those very dark days that men can and do live lives of happiness in worlds of silence.

Scores of others who have climbed the grades of the road of adaptation to a silent world have made my climbing relatively easy. After I read *"Louder Please"* I began to investigate the new art of lip reading, or rather, speech reading. I had never heard of speech reading before. I had no opportunity to study under trained teachers at home; only a very few people in our city had any idea of what speech reading really meant.

Months passed before I learned of the work of the *American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing* and of the *Volta Bureau*. Admission to membership in the Federation was really admission into the society of a new world—the society of the world of impaired or inactive ears—the world of silence. And strange to me then, clearer to me now, was the extraordinary enthusiasm, culture, and happiness of the people in this world of silence. Already I esteem highly my friendships among "hard of hearing" people. Indeed I am almost a bit boastful now of having two great classes of friends —hearing friends and deafened friends.

My new adaptations may be grouped in four classes: adaptations at home, in public places, in my class room, and in conference with professional colleagues.

At home adaptations are most easily and most completely made. Probably the major reason is that ease and the completeness of adaptation of a deafened man to his environment are dependent as much on the efforts of those about him as on his own efforts. A wife who is determined to make the best of the calamities she meets soon contributes wonderfully to the ease of communication with a deafened husband. My wife writes so speedily that the last part of her sentences are sometimes merely waving lines. But a husband can guess at least one-half of what his wife tries to say to him, so I seldom have trouble in making words out of waving lines. Being a good guesser is really more essential when I try to read her lips, although I understand infinitely more from her lips now than I did the first few months after becoming deafened.

But sometimes pencils and pads

ORSON W. ISRAELSEN

*

are not available and lip reading is impractical. Riding in our car, for instance, on a cold winter day it is hard for my wife to write. And being like many other wives, it is hard for her to sit in silence, so we have developed a special method of talking as we ride.

In spite of the difficulties involved we do contrive to communicate while I drive and she sits by my side. First I think of the things she may possibly like to talk about. Then I begin asking questions, and she answers like this:

A vertical wave of her hand means "Yes."

A horizontal wave means "No."

A wave in a circle means, "I don't know."

We call these motions of her hand our "wave language," and with it we often have a delightfully chatty afternoon in the car. I can see her hand as it waves, without losing sight of the highway even for an instant. Sometimes I slow down and look at her facial expression for a moment to see if my questions are pleasing or irritating her.

SUBSTANTIAL progress has been made in my communication with our four children. At first I could not read their lips at all. The girls, Lettie and Ester, adjusted quickly to the new situation by writing to me. But the boys, Allen and Melvin, were too young to write. It was the cause of many keen disappointments to see how earnestly the little fellows, aged eight and five years, would try in vain to make Dad understand. But it is much easier now. Allen writes well and I get something from the lips of each of them.

While writing the foregoing paragraph I am interrupted by a sample of our home-made speed writing presented by Ester for Mother. It is mid-afternoon Saturday. The family is planning a trip to the Zoo for all day Sunday. Ester, now eighteen, hands me this note:

"M wants u to hv th cr rep nw & gt gs & ol so we cn lv early tom," which says:

"Mother wants you to have the car repaired now, and get gas and oil so we can leave early tomorrow."

When I walk through the crowded residential districts of our larger cities, and see thousands of people who never have an animal friend, and others who have only a cat or a dog to indulge their natural tendencies to associate with animals, my appreciation of the opportunity to associate with farm animals at home is increased. *Pronto*, the family American Saddler, talks to me quite as freely as if I could hear him. I enjoy many hours with him and *Sport*, our hunting dog, and neither of them ever shows any signs of impatience in trying to get me to understand their language. Cows, calves, and sheep; and chickens, ducks, and geese are inspiring associates to nearly all, and especially to those who live in a silent world.

But the farm home is for rest and recreation—modern life and work takes me to public places and into distinctly different environments.

Because my lack of hearing is so

(*Continued on page* 220

# FAILURE in RETROSPECT

*By*

STERLING B. TALMAGE, Ph.D.

THE friends of a certain young man were very sad. Their hearts were heavy on account of his loss. They were discussing his death, on the preceding day; he had been executed as a criminal. They said to one another:

"What a tragic failure his life appears to be! Our feeling of futility is emphasized by our recollection of just a few years ago, when he seemed to be started on a career that would make him a successful and influential leader. And now—branded as a criminal, and executed!

"He was not of the criminal type. His mother knows that, and so do we, who knew him best. He was condemned for no crime of violence, for violence had played a very small part in his life.

"Not that he could not fight—he could. Once, we remember, he encountered a group of petty racketeers who were trying to extort a profit from the religious devotions of his people. Scorning to argue, he thrashed the grafters single-handed.

"His physical courage was more than matched by his moral courage. He was strictly law-abiding, but he recognized that some people in power were administering the laws in their own interests, rather than in the interests of justice; and he flayed these grafters in high places with his tongue as mercilessly as he had lashed the petty ones with his whip. No wonder that he attracted us, and many more; here seemed to be a leader worth following.

"But when he attracted many people, those of his enemies who were in political power became alarmed. They, like many politicians of other ages, were more interested in holding their jobs and maintaining their prestige than in serving their state. So they analyzed the utterances in which he had expressed his contempt for their bungling administration of the law, and twisted his words around to sound like expressions of contempt for the law itself.

"And on this flimsy foundation of falsification, they built up their accusation, and charged him with a species of treason. And in the courts, they proved their charge. Then his followers deserted him, all but a few of us.

"So," mused these few," it is ended. They murdered him yesterday, by due process of law; and not only that, they hustled him into his tomb with unseemly haste to avoid trespassing on a legal holiday. But tomorrow, we will visit his burial place, and leave there some tokens of our esteem; for whether they branded him as a criminal or not, *we know him for a man.*

"So fine a life, and so short, to end in such a tragic failure!"

What else could they think?

"For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead."

But the morrow proved that his death was not the end of a failure, but the beginning of the greatest success that the world has known.

For the time was the eve of the first Easter, and the young man who had been executed was Jesus of Nazareth.

Nineteen centuries have proved the error of the contemporary judgment of failure.

WHERE IS THE MIGHTY TEMPLE OF CORINTH, YET JESUS LIVES!

*By*
William George Jordan

# The Power of Truth

## The Companionship of Tolerance

INTOLERANCE is part of the unnecessary friction of life. It is prejudice on the war-path. Intolerance acknowledges only one side of any question,—its own. It is the assumption of a monopoly in thinking, the attitude of the man who believes he has a corner on wisdom and truth, in some phase of life.

Tolerance is a calm, generous respect for the opinions of others, even of one's enemies. It recognizes the right of every man to think his own thoughts, to live his own life, to be himself in all things, so long as he does not run counter to the rights of others. It means giving to others the same freedom that we ourselves crave. Tolerance is silent justice, blended with sympathy. If he who is tolerant desires to show to others the truth as he sees it, he seeks with gentleness and deference to point out the way in which he has found peace, and certainty, and rest; he tries to raise them to the recognition of higher ideals, as he has found them inspiring; he endeavors in a spirit of love and comradeship with humanity to lead others rather than to drive them, to persuade and convince rather than to overawe and eclipse.

Tolerance does not use the battering-ram of argument or the club of sarcasm, or the rapier of ridicule, in discussing the weakness or wrongs of individuals. It may lash or scourge the evil of an age, but it is kind and tender with the individual; it may flay the sin, but not the sinner. Tolerance makes the individual regard truth as higher than personal opinion; it teaches him to live with the windows of his life open towards the east to catch the first rays of the sunlight of truth no matter from whom it comes, and to realize that the faith that he so harshly condemns may have the truth he desires if he would only look into it and test it before he repudiates it so cavalierly.

THIS world of ours is growing better, more tolerant and liberal. The days when difference in political opinions was solved and cured by the axe and the block; when a man's courage to stand by his religion meant facing the horrors of the Inquisition or the cruelty of the stake, when daring to think their own thoughts on questions of science brought noble men to a pallet of straw and a dungeon cell,—these days have, happily, passed away. Intolerance and its twin brother, Ignorance, weaken and die when the pure white light of wisdom is thrown upon them. Knowledge is the death-knell of intolerance—not mere book-learning, nor education in schools or colleges, nor accumulation of mere statistics, nor shreds of information, but the large sympathetic study of the lives, manners, customs, aims, thoughts, struggles, progress, motives and ideals of other ages, other nations, other individuals.

Tolerance unites men in the closer bonds of human brotherhood, brings them together in unity and sympathy in essentials and gives them greater liberality and freedom in non-essentials. Napoleon when First Consul said, "Let there be no more Jacobins, nor Moderates, nor Royalists: let all be Frenchmen." Sectionalism and sectarianism always mean concentration on the body of a part at the expense of the soul of the whole. The religious world today needs more Christ and less sects in its gospel. When Christ lived on earth Christianity was a unit; when he died sects began.

There are in America today, hundreds of small towns, scattered over the face of the land, that are over-supplied with churches. In many of these towns, just emerging from the short dresses of villagehood, there are a dozen or more weak churches, struggling to keep their organization alive. Between these churches there is often only a slight difference in creed, the tissue-paper wall of some technicality of belief. Half-starved, dragging out a mere existence, trying to fight a large mortgage with a small congregation and a small contribution box, there is little spiritual fervor. By combination, by cooperation, by tolerance, by the mutual surrender of non-essentials and a strong, vital concentration and unity on the great fundamental realities of Christianity, their spiritual health and possibilities could be marvelously increased. Three or four sturdy, live, growing churches would then take the place of a dozen strugglers. Why have a dozen weak bridges across a stream, if greater good can come from three or four stronger ones, or even a single strongest bridge? The world needs a great religious trust which will unite the churches into a single body of faith, to precede and prepare the way for the greater religious trust, predicted in Holy Writ,—the millennium.

WE can ever be loyal to our own belief, faithful to our own cause, without condemning those who give their fidelity in accord with their own conscience or desires. The great reformers of the world, men who are honestly and earnestly seeking to solve the great

(*Continued on page 252*)

By
Leah Ivins Cardon

# The Land of Manana

*In this story of "The Land of Tomorrow," one obtains a tender picture of "The Land of Yesterday." In the preceding installment Mrs. Cardon told of her family's removal from St. George, Utah, to Old Mexico.*

II

SUCH devotion as there was in many of those "plural" families, and such homes as those women made out of nothing at all! I often think of one family in particular. "Auntie" had a house by herself and it was built of brick. Always the "Auntie" of the family had the best. She was the first wife and the respect and love shown her were beautiful to see. If she had a family of her own she lived alone —if not she lived with the "other wife" and helped rear her children. And so the mother heart was satisfied—the arms which otherwise would have been empty were filled. And the burden was made lighter for the real mother of the brood.

The other two wives in this family lived in a small house built of Mexican adobes. It was flat roofed and unattractive outside, but what a home inside! I have never been in a more beautiful one. There were no carpets at all on most of the floors. What there were were home-made. The furniture was poor; but some way it was just livable and homey and beautiful. The women were sisters—the younger one had been a school teacher for years and would likely never have married had not her brother-in-law offered her a home. She came and her sister received her with wide open arms. And she bore three fine, sturdy sons in her sister's house and her sister cared for her every time in addition to the duties that her own family of seven brought her.

And the younger woman had opportunity to return what had been done for her. The father of the family died and the children married. The health of the older sister broke and she became more or less of a care—finally bed-ridden. But still they lived on together in the old home—not because there was anything to keep the younger woman, for her children had left Mexico and she would have been glad to go to them, but because the older sister could not leave the place which had brought her so much happiness. Such devotion is rare among people generally, but it was common in the Mexican colonies.

DURING the first few years my Father seldom was at home. He used a light buckboard and a team of fine horses in his travels around the seven colonies and for his trips to Casas Grandes where the local Mexican officials, including the Jefe Politico, lived. These trips to Casas Grandes were frequent and unsatisfactory. Time after time he went down and back over the bad roads expecting to transact some small item of business only to have to return the next day. (Truly Mexico is the land of Manana.) His trips to Mexico City were less frequent but, I hope, more satisfactory. He was a close friend of Porfirio Diaz. President Diaz admired the Mormons and offered them land—all they could care for —if they would scatter out through his Republic and teach his people agriculture. But to scatter was against the policy of the Church. Many times I have heard my Father foretell the Mexican Revolution. and when it came, the wisdom of the Church policy was quite apparent.

While Father was away on one of these trips we had an experience which almost resulted tragically. My small brother ate green crabapples—too many of them—and became violently ill. My mother was beside herself. By this time there was an American doctor living at Casas Grandes with a Mexican wife. But Casas Grandes was eighteen miles way, the roads were very bad, and such things as automobiles and telephones were unknown. It would be hours before the doctor could reach Juarez and the convulsions and blood-vomiting were becoming more frequent. In desperation the Elders were called in again (they had been several times). They formed a circle around Grant's bed. Each Brother put one hand upon the shoulder of the man in front of him and the other on Grant's head. Then they asked God once again to spare the little fellow's life. He dropped off to sleep immediately and slept all night—a natural restful sleep. When Doctor Roberts arrived he was amazed. He could not understand. The improvement was unbelievable! Of course it was unbelievable to him. How many, many such things happened in those little isolated Colonies!

There were times however when even prayer was of no avail—and then the people said, "It is God's will." Henry Walser didn't get well. Henry was a fine progressive young man—the kind that means so much to a small community. He worked in the saw mill up in the mountains. One night word came that he had been caught in the saw. He was brought down to the valley, and over the little town a deep gloom settled. It seemed so tragic that his beautiful young wife and two lovely children might be left

alone—that so new and happy a home might be broken. But it happened in spite of all the people could do.

The same simple service was held for him that was held so frequently in the "meeting house." Comforting words were spoken—his loved ones were told that he had been "called for a purpose"—that he was "needed on the other side" and that some day they would be reunited and the little family would exist as such. Then the crude pine coffin, covered with cotton flannel with cotton lace and satin ribbon tacked around the sides and on the lid was placed in the lumber wagon and the pathetic little procession slowly passed through the rough dusty streets and up the dugway to the top of the hill beyond town. Soon there was one more mound on the top of the hill and, except for size and lettering on the rude head-board, it was like all the others—a pile of stones. There were so many of these piles, some large and some very small—but no matter how small there were always the stones.

I placed cherry blossoms on two of the smallest and wept my heart out over them. They meant that never again would I trail fat, blue-eyed Peloncito's unsteady steps about the yard or snuggle my face in the fragrant softness of tiny black-eyed Anna's baby neck!

Peloncito was the doctor's baby (for by this time there was a doctor among us) and his father had left him dying while he hurried to the aid of a woman in a nearby colony—the mother of seven who was also dying—of "child-bed fever." There was no chance for "Pelon" and one in a thousand for the woman. Pelon was dead when he came back, but the woman recovered.

AND Will Clayson didn't get well. Will and Ann had been sweethearts since childhood; and so it was not easy for him to accept a "call" to serve a mission in the Southern States when they had been married only a short time. But it was a call from his Church and he went. A baby came to Ann some months later. Will never saw the baby. He died of typhoid fever a few weeks before he was to be released. I saw Ann the day they brought him home. I saw her walk down the path from the house to the gate and back—down and back—down and back. Her long thick hair was hanging in a great braid and she beat upon the gate and wrung her hands and called for him to come.

And again the little meeting-house knew tragedy.

Occasionally something worse than death would come to the town—such as the glorious Sunday afternoon a girl stood upon the stage in the meetinghouse before her townspeople and acknowledged that she had sinned and asked their forgiveness. The picture stamped itself forever on my mind—the packed meeting-house, the breathless silence, the girl's pathetic figure as she leaned against the table, her choked voice and the sobs of the women. * * *

THERE is another Sunday I shall not soon forget. It was Fast Day. Again the little house was filled. On the front row sat mothers and fathers with tiny bundles in their arms. The newest members of the community were to be christened. On the sacrament table stood bottles of olive oil which were to be consecrated for use in administration of the sick. These things were soon attended to, the sacrament was passed and then the Bishop arose. He reminded the people that it was Fast Day once more, and that they would be given an opportunity to bear testimony. He urged them to be generous in their fast offerings that the needy of the town might be provided for. He bore a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel, urged the Saints not to "let the time go to waste" and sat down.

There was an ominous silence. Then a good old sister arose and in very broken English told the story of her conversion in a foreign land and her journey to Zion. She wept before she had finished.

Again the ominous silence. Three or four arose at once and the meeting was well begun. Several times this happened. Then Brother Holt stood up and began to talk. Suddenly the people looked at each other and sat forward in their seats. They could not understand him. He was not using English or Spanish—What? He was speaking in tongues! His face was white and set and he was shaking when he sat down. This time the silence was really oppressive. The clock ticked the minutes away. Suddenly Brother Brown stood up. In a trembling voice he gave the interpretation of the tongues and dropped into his seat.

"Let us sing 'The Spirit of God'." The woman's voice came from the far end of the room. And triumphantly the strains rose from the little congregation:

"The spirit of God like a fire is burning,
The Latter-day glory begins to come forth,
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
The angels are coming to visit the earth.
We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of Heaven,
Hosanna, Hosanna to God and the Lamb,
Let glory to Him in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever, Amen and Amen!"

AUNT MAGGIE BENTLY was one of those on the front row that day, but the baby she held was not her own. Aunt Gladys had given birth to a little son and then had died. And Aunt Maggie had taken him and his four brothers and sisters into her home and her heart. Instead of six in the family she now had eleven. Two months later she rode up that steep dugway to the top of the hill, her own little son in a tiny white box beside her and Aunt Glady's baby in her arms.

For years there was seldom a stranger among us. We were too remotely situated and too nearly inaccessible for that. But they came occasionally and what strange strangers some of them were.

There was Colonel Kosterlisky—a Pole who had wandered into Mexico in search of adventure. A place in the Mexican army fulfilled his wildest dreams. I still see his great bulky frame and hear his equally great boisterous laugh as he sat at our dinner table, where strangers were always welcome, and told his stories. He had huge teeth and the upper front ones saved his life one time when a Yaqui arrow penetrated his lip.

His story of how he managed to wink one eye just as he was being rolled into a hole in the ground by Mexican soldiers who thought him dead had its humorous side. For the soldiers gave vent to yells of fear and fled. But the story of the Yaqui girl who stood upon a bed of coals without a murmur until her feet burned black and curled up under her, rather than betray her lover who had killed a Mexican officer, thrilled me most.

I wonder if his stories were any more thrilling to us children than

the big cigars he smoked. For smoking was not tolerated among us—and the few Mormons who used cigarettes were looked upon as lost souls indeed. Only Mexicans were supposed to smoke! Father couldn't have looked upon them as we children did for they were always his friends—these wayward men and boys—and many of them reformed as a result of that friendship. I remember, however, thinking, as I watched the Colonel puffing contentedly, that he would never go to heaven!

OUR dining table was very long —always stretched to its limit in the big dining room. And it was spread with clean linen and good things to eat. There were no breakfasts of fruit, toast and coffee for us. Rather great platters of fried quail or trout, cream biscuits, light as feathers, Jersey butter and thick cream, fried potatoes and nutty cereal. And for dinner, roast wild duck, turkey or venison, pigeon pie or fried spring chicken, with crisp vegetables and luscious figs, grapes, or pears. For the Mexican colonists found the country to be a land of plenty in the good years when the rains fell.

But there were years when the rains did not come. Then the hills turned brown, the river became a tiny trickle between the rocks and the cattle died like flies upon the range. In those years we thanked Providence for the homely frijole.

It was one such year when the rains were late and the river ran in a tiny stream from one green stagnant pool to another that the great flood came.

I crossed on the rocks when I went early in the afternoon over to Jenn Redd's. Jenn was my dearest friend, but not the only attraction at her house. There was her mother and her mother's garden. It was a very exceptional garden because it grew away up on the hillside above the irrigation ditch and all the water it required was carried up the hill; and because in it grew many rare plants which had been sent from the States. But the garden was no more remarkable than the woman, who found time in her over-worked crowded life to care for her plants as carefully as she cared for her children. The garden satisfied, in a measure, her yearning for the beautiful. There was far too little that was beautiful in the lives of most of those Colony women.

I started home late in the afternoon because black clouds had rolled up in the northwest and I knew what they meant. Even before I reached the river great drops were falling and I could see what looked as though it might be a cloud-burst up the river. I did not cross on the rocks but raced for the flimsy suspension bridge which swung between aged cottonwood trees. And before I was fairly across the swinging, bucking bridge I saw the flood coming—a muddy wall ten or twelve feet high, roaring down the river bed. It struck the bridge on the far side and tore it from the trees. The loosened end swung into mid-stream. Soon haystacks and Mexican houses began to float past. Great trees which had stood on the banks for centuries were up-rooted and floated by. Gardens and barnyards were flooded and we were marooned on our side of the river for days.

Even the grove was under water; but next year we held our Cinco de Mayo (5th of May—Mexican Independence Day) celebration there just the same. What if the ground was washed more uneven and there was a thick deposit of sand? The platform was built under the same huge tree where it had been built for years. And the band and officers of the day sat there in great state. The organ had been brought from the meetinghouse and Aunt Sarah Clayson stood near it as she sang in her sweet high soprano the verses of the Mexican National Anthem. We children waited impatiently until she finished each verse and then our shrill little voices burst forth "Mexicanos al grito de Guerra"—and on through the chorus, for every Mormon child knew at least the chorus and some of the verses of that anthem. There were too many verses for us to know them all.

THE red, white and green was raised while the men stood with bared heads and then we shouted all in unison, as if to split our throats, "Viva Mejico! Viva Porfirio Diaz!" There were sports, a children's dance in the afternoon and a grownup's dance in the evening.

Everyone who could came in the evening. The back room was a veritable nursery. And if one young hopeful began to wail he wakened all the others and there was a chorus which rivaled the singing of the afternoon.

By this time we were no longer living in Grandpa Snow's old house but in a wonderful big new one "on the other side of the river." It was carpeted throughout with "store" carpets. The walls were all papered. The woodwork, with the exception of Father's office which was finished in native cedar, was painted. There were four fireplaces and a bathroom. When it was finished we held a house warming.

It rained that night and because the house was set back in the center of a block and the ground around it had been plowed, great planks had to be laid from the road up to the house. Everybody came. The sliding doors between the two big front rooms were pushed open and we formed two long lines the full length of the rooms and played "spoons." Two dozen spoons had to go the length of the lines and back. The side accomplishing the feat most quickly won. I still hear Kate Spillsbury's shriek as she dropped a spoon!

This house, too, was near a hill. Often in memory I go back and climb that hill. I sit on "My rock" and look down. It is blossom time and the town is all white and pink and tender and green. It snuggles in its tiny valley between green hills. The Piedres Verde river runs through the center, its crooked course marked by cottonwoods. Up the river from the town proper lie the fields—acres of fresh, new alfalfa. And below town the valley widens into the broad flat acres of San Diego Ranch. I know that thousands of head of long-horned Mexican cattle feed on San Diego and that they belong, as do the acres upon which they graze, to that greatest of all landowners, Don Luis Terrazas.

I see indistinctly the ruins of "Old Town." For the Mormons thought at first they had purchased a more suitable place than the one now occupied. They did not know until their adobe homes were built that they were trespassing on the domain of Don Luis.

BUT there were no objections to our frequent trips up or down the river. And such picnics as we had. Gay parties of boys and girls in big Mexican sombreros and di-

(Continued on page 222)

# The Beloved Cinderella

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

"SHE HAD THOUGHT HER YOUNG STRENGTH EQUAL TO ANYTHING, SHE HAD BEEN SO SURE SHE COULD FIND HER WAY."

*STARGRASS, an orphan girl reared by Pap and Ma Binney, is thought to be the daughter of Mr. Blanchard, a millionaire. She is taken by Blanchard to be his daughter who was stolen in infancy. Star goes to the Blanchard home to live; is educated in France; is sought by a young man by the name of Carr and loved by Blanchard's secretary, John Nelson. Carr, who is rejected as a suitor, discovers through the confession of a dying man that Star really is not Blanchard's daughter. He proposes to keep quiet if Star will marry him. This she refuses to do.*

*During a snow storm Star leaves Blanchard's home and attempts to return to the Binneys, but the train is blockaded by snow. John Nelson, who has been visiting the Binneys, starts out with Pap Binney to meet the train though a blizzard is raging. When they reach the stalled train they learn that a young lady answering to Star's description, left the passenger coach some time before.*

*"Pap turned a gray face to John. The wind veered suddenly and swept the snow toward them, blinded them with great cruel flakes. The early winter night was closing in, and Star, little Star, was out there somewhere in that freezing, cruel darkness!" Now go on with this concluding installment.*

## PART TWELVE

### CONCLUSION

DARKNESS had gathered deep about Star, she could scarcely discern the overhead wires of the railroad. The shock she had suffered, the hysterical fear and mortification that had driven her to instant flight, had unnerved her. The way seemed to stretch on and on—into eternal snows. Suddenly the girl realized the madness of her flight. She had longed so to get away, to get home, to rush into Pap's arms and cry her heart out over that dreadful scene in Blanchard's library. She was so homesick now—in this freezing cold and mist, this drifting, terrible snow! She had thought her young strength equal to anything, she had been so sure that she could find her way. She couldn't! There was nothing to guide her, no trolley line, no visible break in the sheet of snow, no flash of a friendly beacon. Her head felt light, she had forgotten where she was, she could only see white flakes falling—how strangely they fell! There were no more noises now, it was silent and deep and soft—

(*Continued on page* 249)

# A Mormon's Four Years at West Point

(Continued from page 205)

climb in order to arrive at my future home. Four hundred and twenty of us—all walking on air—climbed that historic hill that morning. Some of us were to come down that hill four years hence, a world full of experience behind us—a diploma and a commission in our hands; some were to come down that hill full of bitter disappointment and disillusionment; some were to come down six months hence: "Insufficient Preparation;" some were never to come down, but were to find a soldier's grave where many a soldier had his birth.

FROM the first, all was brusqueness and dispatch. After being measured and assigned to companies by a detail of enlisted men, we were turned over to the "reception committee"—First Class Cadets—and from then on it was all on the run (a plebe never walks in the area of barracks) and "yes sir," "no sir," or "no excuse, sir!" Ushered into our new company Orderly Room, we were submitted to a rapid fire catechism as to our respective histories ("previous condition of servitude," etc.) and taught then and there how to report to a superior officer. During our first two months training—known as "Beast Barracks"—we were to be known as New Cadets and were to identify ourselves as such. We were to be addressed as "Mister" so and so (usually Mr. Dumbjohn!) and were to address all upper classmen as "Mister" (and not forgetting the sir!) For one year we were not even to be recognized—plebes we were—ranking with the "Superintendent's dog, the Commandant's cat, the waiters in the Mess Hall, the Hell Cats (bugle and drum corps which has the awful responsibility of waking us in the morning) and all the admirals in the whole blamed Navy."

One of the questions asked was, "What is your religion?" I answered, of course:

"Mormon, sir."

"What is that?" and I started to explain. "Never mind, Mr. Dumbjohn, are you a Catholic?"

"No, sir."

"All right, then, you're a Protestant"—and so I was designated.

The Catholic cadets have separate services. All others worship at the Cadet Chapel—a beautiful structure—where the services (compulsory of course) are non-denominational. The story is told of one cadet who professed to be an atheist, and so asserted he should not be made to attend chapel. The commandant, however, thought differently. He ruled that this cadet, his mind being in such a state, should first attend the Catholic Services and then the Cadet Chapel Services!

ASSIGNED a room—and automatically a roommate (we were to have the opportunity of choosing one at the conclusion of "Beast Barracks"), we first drew our bedding, then all our underclothing, etc., and finally our outer uniform—a grey shirt, and pair of grey flannel trousers, our "plebe skins." Then we were set to work. In groups of eight or sixteen (one or two squads) we were taught the elementary marching, facings, and positions of the soldier. The work went on all afternoon, with lectures on what was expected of us, military courtesy and behavior delivered as we took a moment's rest in the shade. By five o'clock in the afternoon we were well enough schooled to march by companies to the plain (parade ground) where we formed three sides of a hollow square. The Corps was drawn up in parade formation on the fourth side—presenting a sight well worth that day of disillusionment, harsh verbal treatment, and gruelling work under a remorseless sun! There we took the oath (having previously set our signatures to the engagement to serve, and the oath of allegiance) and from that moment forth, each of us solemnly pledged to "Maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, fealty that I may owe to any State, county, or country whatsoever," and to "At all times obey the legal orders of my superior officers and the rules and articles governing the Armies of the United States."

Followed a month of intensive drilling and fitting ourselves into the mold. Constantly at it, it wasn't long before we became adept at the drill, could "move a chin in" so that the axis of the head and neck was vertical (securing at least five wrinkles in so doing), could carry the shoulders well to the rear without at the same time making a sway in the back, and could "bounce 'a chest up" without at the same time bouncing the stomach outward! Having by this time obtained our tailor-made uniforms, and having obtained the required degree of precision, we were one day in August admitted to the Corps. In an impressive ceremony we took our places in the ranks of the men we had followed with eager eyes in various movies and news reel shorts. From that time forward, we were to parade with the Corps as a part of it (we constituted the rear rank of the various platoons)—from that time forward we took our places in the sun (and sun there was!)—albeit with chins well in and shoulders well back.

One of the first things explained to us in the daily lectures by the upper class detail was the Honor System of West Point. Honor is the guiding beacon of cadet life. The United States Military Academy implies to everyone who knows it an institution for men who hold honor above life itself. The Honor System originates from within the Corps—the Honor Committee is composed of members of the First Class—and for that reason, it works. The Cadet Prayer reflects perfectly the spirit of Cadet Honor: "Make us to choose the harder right instead of the easier wrong, and never to be content with a half truth when the whole can be won."

The guiding principles of West Point Honor are those which should guide every soldier and gentleman throughout life—and are those which every Mormon boy is taught from his infancy. It allows no lying, cheating—no quibbling, no half truths. Offenders of the Code are never granted immunity; no one is tolerated as a member of the Corps of Cadets who does not enter into and live up to its spirit. Never is it necessary for an instructor to be present with a class taking an examination. A direct question will receive a direct answer—even though the answer may involve severe punishment. A simple "All Right" given by a cadet as he crosses a sentinel's post is sufficient guarantee that the

cadet is going on an authorized visit to an authorized place and nowhere else and that no advantage is to be or has been taken of the privilege. "The soldier's wealth is honor." A plebe must early learn to prize and cherish that richness that West Point's years of splendid and honorable tradition have left him as his heritage.

To finish up the summer's training, we were taken on a three days' hike with full packs and rifles. We returned, browned and hardened, ready to take up that other all important phase of cadet life—academics — for although West Point is a military academy, and military tactics necessarily play a large part in his training, it is academic knowledge that opens the way for a cadet's admission to the academy and it is his ability to seek out and retain more of the "Stuff that makes men free" which keeps him there.

DURING Academic year, a cadet rises at the same time as during his summer training—5:50 a. m. During the next twenty-five minutes he makes his bed, cleans out his room, makes his toilet, and dresses for breakfast. Returning therefrom, he has 45 minutes in which to prepare his room for the morning inspection, and perhaps a little last minute studying—"spec"—as it is called. At 7:55 his first class begins—mathematics for the plebe, or fourth classman. He alternates algebra and geometry during the first six months, then takes up in turn solid geometry, plane and spherical trigonometry, and plane analytical geometry. After an hour and twenty minutes of Math, the plebe is marched to the gymnasium. There is fostered his physical development:—besides having to become proficient on all the gym apparatus, the plebe is taught how to march and how to command—how to carry himself and how to teach others. Further, he is taught to wrestle and to box—to swim and to fence. Every West Pointer must qualify in swimming, fencing, and dancing, before he graduates. If he doesn't qualify his plebe year, he must take extra instruction in his spare time—and many are the tales that are told of the "walri," (those who can't swim) and the "elephants," (those who haven't qualified in dancing). One soon learns to be nimble on his feet, however, when he has some 200 lb. classmate treading on his toes day after day.

The afternoon subjects during the fourth class year are English and French, alternating. Tactics is taught on Saturdays in lieu of Gymnasium. The period from 3:15 to 4:15 during the Fall and Spring is devoted to drill and Intramural athletics — alternating. Drill is habitually followed by Retreat Parade. The ordinary cadet then has an hour to himself which he may devote to getting extra instruction in some study, practising for some Varsity Athletic Squad, or writing letters, etc. Supper is at 6:20, after which, on evenings preceding school days (all days except Sundays and holidays) Evening Call to Quarters is sounded. The period from 7:15 to 9:30 in the evening is devoted to study—and it is never to be wasted —particularly during the first two years. At ten o'clock, Taps is sounded—lights out, and cadets in bed. For some, however, Taps doesn't mean sleep. Those who haven't yet learned how to make the best use of their time in studying—or those who came to West Point with a poor preparation, will be found down in the showers, "boning" their lessons.

One soon gets used to the routine of things and it isn't long before the football season rolls around. The Corps gets three trips with the team away from West Point. Plebes are "At Ease" on these trips —studies, all worries and unpleasantness fade into the background. 'Tis a great old feeling—swinging into line as one of the "Twelve hundred mule team," marching into the Yale Bowl to meet the roar of 80,000 voices, scampering to find seats in a pitifully small section in the center of a mass of humanity—only to stand up the entire game to cheer a fighting Army Team on to victory!

CHRISTMAS time is an anxious time for all concerned. It is then that the semi-annual examinations take place, and the showers are crowded at night after Taps—faces are long, and the bulletin boards where the grades are published become the center of all hopes and fears. Those of the upper three classes who are successful in their writs joyfully depart on a ten day leave. Those who are turned out for the final examinations—together with those who either on account of insufficient credit with the Treasurer, or too much discredit on the demerit books—stay home with the plebes. For the plebes it is a real vacation, though. With no upper classmen to bother them, with no academics to worry about, and with hops of their own to attend (fourth classmen are not allowed to attend the upper class dances which are held every Saturday night)—Christmas is a time of genuine enjoyment.

After the holidays, the outlook is rather dark but it isn't long before 100th Nite—one hundred nights until June—rolls around, and the sun rises to cheer the grey. Spring sports speed up the intervening 100 days, and June Week arrives with joy for all. For the plebes it means Recognition—termination of their year's probation, with all its restrictions, its physical and mental discomfiture. Of all the "piped" events in my four years at West Point—Football Trips, Christmas Leave, Furlo, Virginia Trip—even Graduation—I believe Recognition holds the place of honor. That first service stripe upon the sleeve which shouts "I am a yearling!" means more than all the rest combined.

Yearling summer—the second summer at West Point—is spent under canvas. The whole class, together with the new First Class (the graduating class) moves over to summer camp for three months' practical training. The mornings are spent in various drills, on the various ranges—pistol, rifle and machine gun, in cavalry instruction, and Signal Corps instruction, in Field Artillery drills and in Infantry field maneuvers. The afternoons one has to himself (unless he happens to be one of those unfortunates who haven't yet qualified in swimming or dancing).

## *Ambassadors*

*By Alberta Huish Christensen*

SWEET breath of Spring—
The glory of the out-of-doors
Brought to my room!
I did not know before what balm you held,
Gay symphony of color and perfume!

To trim the empty spaces of the earth,
God made you—flower—
Commissioned you that part;
And lo, kind hands have brought you here
To trim the empty spaces of my heart!

There is swimming, tennis, golf, canoeing on the Hudson, walking in the historic hills around West Point—fishing, trap shooting, polo—almost everything one could wish for—including a cool spot on Clinton Parapet where one may take an afternoon nap ("Bone red comforter!").

In September, we moved back to barracks again, and took up our second academic year. This course of study includes Mathematics: finishing up plane analytical geometry, solid analytical geometry, descriptive geometry, differential and integral calculus; drawing—both architectural and machine, with a little free hand sketching; physics, history, English, French, and tactics. This is by far the hardest year academically, but if a cadet has come thus far, chances are he has learned how to study, and should experience no great difficulty in passing this course successfully.

The second Christmas at West Point ushers in another milestone—the first Christmas leave. After 18 months of strict surveillance, ten days of freedom! 'tis a great feeling to slip into civilian clothes once again, to experience again the luxury of pockets, and to relax from the stiff formality of the uniform. After this great experience follows another six months of the academic grind, with the prospect of ten whole weeks of freedom awaiting as a reward for two long years successfully completed—"Yea, Furlo!"

THE third year brings a new sense of responsibility. The summer spent among friends and relatives at home has a sobering effect, and the "cows come home" to dig in and get the most out of the remaining two years. The third year course of study includes another year of Drawing, Spanish, Chemistry and Electricity (including Radio), Natural and Experimental Philosophy (including Mechanics, Astronomy, Hydraulics, Aeodynamics, and Surveying, and of course, Tactics.

June Week, marking the completion of the third year and the launching of the final year witnesses a great change taking place in the new First Classman's outlook. Upon the First Class devolves the responsibility for the maintainance of the Honor, the ideals and tradition of West Point. Moreover, the maintenance of discipline, schooling of the plebes, etc., rest largely on the First Class. The first three weeks after June Week are spent on a practical education trip—with a week spent at Fort Bragg with the Field Artillery, a week at Fortress Monroe, Va., with the Coast Artillery, and a week at Langley Field, Va., learning first hand about flying and the Air Corps. The rest of the summer is spent in camp at West Point, learning how to build bridges, how to conduct a Message Center, using radio, telephone, telegraph, pigeon and messenger; how to handle explosives; how to conduct a rifle practice; how to handle a Cavalry troop on the march, a field artillery battery in the field, and how the various arms are coordinated in battle.

The final academic year takes in Engineering — Civil, Mechanical and Army; Ordnance and Gunnery (and including a course on the Gasoline Automobile), Economics and Government, Bookkeeping, Military Hygiene, Law (which includes a study of the fundamentals of Elementary, Constitutional, Criminal, and Military Law—with the rules on Evidence applying to each) and a conclusive course in Tactics.

During this last year much more freedom is allowed: six week end leaves are granted to each first classman—in addition to the leaves granted to the other classes. After Christmas the ordering of officers' uniforms begins, choice of branch is finally made—those who aspire to the Air Corps taking a rigid physical exam, and anxiously awaiting the medicos' verdict—and preference as to stations is sent in to the War Department. Time flies, and it isn't long before the last June Week — Graduation June Week rolls around—with its parades, reviews, old grads, friends, relatives, sweethearts, hops—the last parade—Graduation Parade, Graduation Hop—Diploma and Commission. Four long years—short they seem now—full of happiness, hopes and ambitions realized; full of bitterness, disillusionment; long hours of hard work, fleeting hours of light-hearted play; many lasting friendships made, some enemies; many things learned, many forgotten—but one picture, one memory will ever remain with us:—that of the Long Grey Line—not just the line that stood rigid, immobile in the setting sun as the band played the Star Spangled Banner and the National Colors fluttered down the staff—not just that alone, but a picture of those of the grey who have marched on before—and those who will march on after—

THE CORPS

"The Corps! Bareheaded salute it,
with eyes up, thanking our God
That we of the Corps are treading
where they of the Corps have trod—
They are here in ghostly assemblage, the men of the Corps long dead,
And our hearts are standing attention, while we wait for their passing tread.

"We, sons of today, salute you—
you sons of an earlier day;
We follow, close order, behind
you, where you have pointed the way;
The long grey line of us stretches
through the years of a century told,
And the last man feels to his marrow the grip of your far off hold.

"Grip hands with us now, though
we see not, grip hands with us strengthen our hearts,
As the long line stiffens and
straightens with the thrill that your presence imparts;
Grip hands—though it be from
the shadows while we swear as you did of yore
Or living or dying to honor the
Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps!"

—*Shipman.*

## *Inside Story*

*By Ardyth Kennelly*

THE cherry tree was a pretty bride
In *such* white lace and a veil of rain!
Perhaps you noticed? 'Twas the Wind
That wooed and wed her in the lane.

Smelling like sea and roses and grass
He told her he loved her with all his heart,
And she loved him—oh, she did indeed!
And that is the story, except this part:

Today he's *gone* and she can't think where,
So she stands and stares, a picture of woe,
For he slipped away with her white lace frock
And all she has left is green calico!

# POETRY

## *Easter*

*By Mabel S. Harmer*

WE knew gladness, O Lord, on the night of Thy birth
That a King, long awaited, was come.
There was song in the Heavens, rejoicing on earth,
While the stars with a new glory shone.

But this morning, each heart a greater joy knows.
Bleak despair has been lifted from men.
Earth that throbbed at Thy death is once more in repose,
Thou art risen and liveth again!

## *First Easter*

*By Eleanor A. Chaffee*

THERE was another spring before this spring,
When Death sealed silence with a stone, and thought
The wounds that bled struck deeper than the thing
Promising other phrases should be wrought

Out of the stricken wood. There were tired hearts
Whose dreams all night were terror-deep with spears:
There was a mother's breast where thrice barbed darts
Left scars too bitter, hurts too harsh for tears.

There was another spring whose tender grass
Bowed down before triumphant feet, and rose
When He had gone, to see God's glory pass,
That death to life in one night could transpose.

## *Lilacs*

*By Olive W. Burt*

LILACS! Lilacs! Lilacs!
Why do you come in the spring,
When everything is lovely,
Everything!

Lilacs! Lilacs! Lilacs!
In your fragrant glory there,
You make the blossoming countryside
Too beautiful to bear.

Oh, I can stand the peach trees,
Pink against the blue;
And I don't mind apple blossoms
With green leaves peeping through;
And the slim grace of the wild plum
But makes my throat to ache;
But when I see the lilacs
My heart would like to break!

## *Easter Thoughts*

*By Rachel Barney Taft*

SYMBOLIC of the risen Christ
The Easter morn dawns quietly—
Receptive to His suffering
And sorrow in Gethsemane
So clearer grows His life divine.

When on the slope of Olivet
Not one of three would watch, alas
And through the lonely hours of pain
He begged the bitter cup might pass,
A spiritual agony.

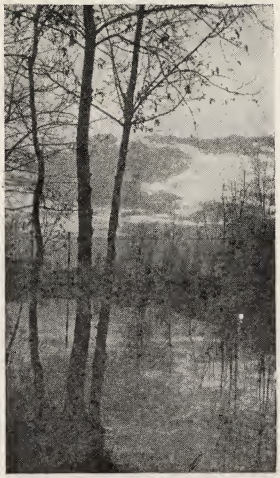
Amid the orchard's loneliness
In anguish no man knows, He prayed
Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.
Before the blackest night had greyed
His vigil broke in victory.

## *Spring*

*By Christie Lund*

THE earth is caught
In the birth pangs
Of another spring.
Above her straining
Throbbing pain
She hears a robin sing.

Like mothers,
She will soon forget
This tear-wet hour of strife
And will stir with pride
At the beauty,
The miracle of—life!



"AWAKENING," BY W. B. HALES

## *Spring Time*

(An Acrostic)

*By L. E. Flack*

Snowflakes on the cherry tree—oh, what a sweet perfume;
Perky little blades of grass—and crocus just in bloom;
Robin in the maple tree who pauses for a rest,
Is spending days in careful work upon a brand new nest.
Nectar sweet, the morning breeze comes softly through the trees,
Gently nods a greeting to the butterflies and bees.
Tiny dew drops, crystal clear a' tremble on the grass;
I love to watch them sparkle as the sunbeams light and pass.
Meadows green and clear blue skies and orchards bursting white,
Each day they call me out at dawn to scenes of fresh delight!

## *Paths of Spring*

*By John Sherman Walker*

GAY paths are welcoming
Where tulips glow
In radiant grace
Within a garden's sanctuaried walls;
And quiet flowers show
A violet trace
Along the walk when golden morning falls.

Fair lanes are beckoning
Through meadow clime,
Along a rill—
To glory in the orchard pinks and whites
Of blossom-time,
That over-fill
The air with their perfumery delights.

White roads meandering
Through checkered fields
Of rural lands
Entice with nicest blend of distant hues;
A vision yields
The soothing strands
Upon the new horizon's vivid blues.

Gold aisles are gesturing
Through columned pines,
To come—revere
An all profound cathedral of the grove;
By columbines
And maidenhair
A myriad elfin pathways merry rove.

Long trails are luring on
To Beauty's verge,
Where mountains soar,
And God's grand panorama now instills
A noble urge
To go—explore
The Paths of Spring that lead beyond the hills.

# Adventures in a Silent World

(*Continued from page 209*)

complete, I usually tell people in public places with whom I try to converse that I cannot hear. The responses to my candid announcement of total deafness are surprisingly varied. Some persons immediately begin to hunt in their pockets or purses for a pencil and a scrap of paper; some, especially women, repeat their statements with special care to articulate distinctly and loudly and to indicate as far as possible what they mean by facial expressions; others continue to mumble at me as if they thought my hearing was perfect and that my statement of deafness was only a feeble attempt at joking; and still others stand in bewilderment as if they were too shocked to speak.

On one occasion I was writing post cards after business hours in a post office building of a large city far from home. The post office officials and clerks had gone. A well-dressed, bright looking American business man came to me and asked a question. I did not understand and said to him, "I am deafened, but will try to answer your question if you will write it." He did not write the question, but I read clearly on his lips this curt reply, "Oh, I see, good bye." At the moment his response did not appear particularly funny to me, but in less than five minutes, after being asked another question, by an intelligent looking woman, who replied in response to my announcement of deafness, "Oh, I see, good bye." I was rather amused. Before I had completed my five post cards a third person, who came to me for information, said, "Oh, I see, good bye." In spite of the tragedy of it all, I enjoyed a hearty laugh, (as soon as propriety would permit). Lip reading for the amateur in public places is a "by golly-by guess" method of understanding. Many times now I try the guess, but some people's lips are impossible for me to read. When they write to me I encourage the use of abbreviations in order to save time. Some abbreviate skillfully—others persist in writing in full the names of the days of the week, the months of the year, the names of the States, and of the larger cities like New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Some go also to the extreme of writing "forenoon" and "afternoon" instead of A. M. and P. M.

SOMETIMES in public places I get a question from the lips of a person without delay or repetition. Recently as I stopped my car in a down-town part of a city at noontime a healthy looking fellow immediately approached me for the price of a meal. Although I understood his question, I truthfully replied, "I cannot hear your voice at all. Here is a pencil and pad. Will you write your question?" He answered distinctly, "I can't write," and left as I replied, "We are both out of luck."

But being in middle life and "unable to write" (and probably unable to read) is much worse than being thrust during middle life into a silent world in which writing and reading abound. Many great minds are continuously waiting to talk to me through the printed pages of books, magazines, journals, and reports. And some do talk to me frequently without the slightest evidence of nervousness or boredom.

For more than fifteen years I have been a teacher and a research worker and I have long since come to regard the writers of good books and scientific papers as friends and benefactors of society.

But how can a man who lives in a silent world teach students in a world of sound? That's the question which I am told has been asked many times. "How can a deaf man teach?"

Adaptation to lack of hearing in my college class room has been far less difficult than adaptation in public places. The readiness with which upper-division class men express their opinions and submit their questions in writing has been a source of gratification and surprise. In the class room writing materials are always conveniently accessible. College students generally, and engineering students in particular, are early taught to image well; that is, to create clear mental pictures of objects, plans, structures, and natural phenomena. The facility with which the average engineering student can convey ideas and questions to a deafened instructor by means of rough sketches or diagrams is far greater than casual thought would lead one to believe.

To be sure, a certain amount of patience on the part of the student is required. Students probably ask a deafened instructor fewer questions than they ask a hearing one, but written questions are usually more direct and to the point than oral ones. The number of irrelevant and immaterial questions submitted to a deafened instructor is relatively small. The extra thought given by students to formulating their inquiries in writing stimulates clearness and precision. In the small classes that I have had, from five to twenty students, lack of hearing is no handicap whatsoever in the lecture phase of the work.

My years in a silent-world class room with hearing students have brought permanent rewards. One of the finest compensations in the life of a teacher is the friendships established with students. New friendships created in my class room in recent years give more than usual evidence of permanence. Moreover, these friendships are developed, in some cases at least, not only in spite of my deafness, but in part because of it.

It is with deep gratitude that I recognize the patience that my students have practiced in clarifying to me their difficulties in understanding, their hopes, their aspirations, and their progress. Most of them have made marked progress. They have also made numerous unsolicited expressions of appreciation of my efforts toward helping them to understand. "In all thy getting, get understanding." I invite my students to confer individually with me frequently, and they have responded freely. It is a pleasure to explain principles and problems to one or two students at a time. I have concluded, as they seem to have done, that hearing is not essential to effective and satisfactory class work with advanced engineering students.

All men who are in responsible research positions must participate in counsel with colleagues. "In the multitude of counselors there is safety." At the council table I have been unusually fortunate in having considerate colleagues, in the help of secretaries, and of members of my family. Upon hearing of the art of lip reading I remarked to one of my colleagues with whom I had many conferences that I

would make every possible endeavor to acquire enough skill in lip reading to enable me to confer with small groups of men without much writing. His quick response was: "Spend your time studying the difficult technical aspects of your profession. Don't worry about lip reading for purposes of counsel with us. Paper and ink are cheap."

During these first six years in a world of silence I have discussed many controversial questions. I have obtained a clear understanding of widely diverse points of view and have continued to counsel on perplexing problems.

I miss some of the jokes that are exchanged at the outset of our group conferences, but a good secretary helps me to get the vital phases of every pertinent statement. Our home-made speed writing in conferences of scientific workers is a valuable tool.

To illustrate: a physicist urges the need for basic and fundamental research by saying: "We must apply the laws of hydrodynamics to this problem. With these laws and Darcy's law, the equations of continuity and Laplace, we can solve the problem. Without them we cannot." And I read: "App lws hyd to pblm. Sn hv Dcy eq & Con & Lap we cn sol pblm—os cnt."

Lip reading for conferences with technical men offers some hope. But, I am happy that we have a written language, and that there are so many people who can write with speed and accuracy to make the spoken language clear to me. Of course I interpret incorrectly at times. Already my associates have had some hearty laughs at my mistakes. Usually I laugh with them —not always.

ADAPTATIONS to deafness at home, in public, in the class room, and in the conferences of colleagues are wonderfully facilitated by friendly, cordial and patient attitudes of those who hear. Cordiality and patience are the products of friendliness. To the friends of those who live in a silent world I recommend, as an aid in communication, that they memorize and use the following formula:

Clear enunciation plus frequent repetition plus patience like Job's equals better speech reading plus clearer understanding plus greater satisfaction.

Probably most potent among the perceptions that have been clarified during my adventures in a silent world is the value of true friends. It would be a super-man indeed who could make the transition suddenly from a hearing world to a silent world with no resulting periods of hopelessness, discouragement, and despondency. But a word of encouragement (not sympathy) from a friend, a hearty handshake, a smile, a laugh (even at one's expense)—these go a long way to drive hopelessness to oblivion, to supplant discouragement with determination, and to banish despondency. One of my best friends was recently designated a "prize optimist" and I have since earnestly wished that the world had more such men of courage and optimism.

Another friend, an otologist, who lived in a distant city at the time my deafness came, but who understood the possible adverse effects of deafness, both from scientific study and from years of association with a deafened father, moved to our city shortly after my "transition" began. When I first met him on the street he brought a pencil and pad from his pocket almost instantly. He chatted with me freely; he laughed heartily; not at my blunders, but at his own wise cracks. He invited me to his home. I did not go, although I believe I told him I would. Several weeks passed—he came to my home without an invitation. He brought his chess men with him. We played chess. He wrote, I talked, and it was soon morning. He came again and again and I went to his home. I owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. He helped me at a critical period to correct the depressing mis-conception that my hearing friends no longer had either the time or the inclination to visit with me.

Many other friends who live in the same city with me have written personal letters saying how well they thought I was making the adaptation to deafness. These letters have been encouraging, stimulating, and inspiring; and even though some of them were given to exaggerations, they convinced me fully that our friends are of inestimable value.

Friends from other states were not silent. Many of them wrote letters of confidence and encouragement. These letters are among my most cherished records.

Some well-meaning people have spoken all too frequently about my "affliction" and have extended their sympathy by saying: "Isn't it too bad—whatever will you do?" Very few, if any, of these good people realize that the expression "Isn't it too bad" has no value; that it tends to weaken rather than strengthen. Probably the majority of people have some sort of handicap. Deafness is a handicap—it may result in an affliction. I am reasonably sure that very few deafened people sustain prolonged pain of body due to lack of hearing, and they need not suffer pain of mind when society learns better how to understand them. They do not want sympathy—but they do want understanding.

We all know that many hearing people are handicapped in one way or another. I am intimately acquainted with a man who is handicapped by lack of power to concentrate on the task at hand. One of my friends has very poor eyesight and has to be cautious not to overwork his eyes. He cannot read fine print, but he has unusually good "vision." He sees social and economic trends clearly, he interprets difficult problems correctly, his writings are well known for their interest and accuracy. He loves his family dearly and, all in all, is a genuine American, although handicapped (not afflicted) by poor eyesight.

DOUBTLESS every one of us know of persons who have achieved greatly in spite of handicaps. The number of men and women who work under handicaps is probably far greater than commonly realized—it is said to reach the millions. If all the handicapped people now doing the work of the world were suddenly deprived of the opportunity of working further, the number of unemployed would probably be immediately

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## *To—*

*By Watene Makaia*

PRIDE vowed for you I'd never weep,
The world should never see
The wound your faithlessness made deep
Down in the heart of me.

This morning, wafted by the breeze,
Upon my senses crept
The fragrant scent of lilac-trees
And bitterly I wept.

and dangerously increased, and the world's work seriously impaired. We can neither deny nor ignore the fact that it is *not the handicap, but the reaction toward it that counts.*

Adventures in a silent world, as in a world of sound, bring their joys and their sorrows; their stresses and strains; their cloudy days and their clear days; their debits and their credits; their "ups" and their "downs;" and their successes and their failures. Undoubtedly happiness, contentment, and achievement are attainable to adventurous workers in the world of silence, and will be realized in proportion to the efforts of these workers and to the understanding of their lives by their friends and associates in the world of sound. It was in a silent world that the great adventurer, Thomas A. Edison, discovered that genius is about ninety per cent perspiration. Edison's extraordinary power of concentration, his capacity for work, and his outstanding achievements, indicate that deafness may not be without its advantages.

# The Land of Manana

(*Continued from page* 214)

vided skirts and breeches, riding horseback or in wagons. Sometimes the trip was into the mountains which rose high on the west side of town. Sometimes the mountain trip lasted for weeks, when we camped, perhaps, in the forks of two trout streams and feasted on good things cooked as only Father could cook them over the camp fire; and refreshed our souls with the unusual beauties of the superb Sierra Madres.

Those three tiny mountain colonies—Garcia, Pecheco and Chichuipa—were so picturesque in the summer—so beautiful—but so bleak and far away over almost impossible roads in winter. Who, other than Mormons, would have attempted to colonize there?

Our good times were not limited to picnics. No, indeed! Wholesome recreation is never overlooked even in the remotest Mormon towns. How often the same little meetinghouse which knew so much tragedy echoed to the laughter and happiness of the Colonists. For there we held our dances, or "socials." And there too, we held our breath as the villain in the play made his dire threats, or wept as the heroine admitted that she had been betrayed. I am sure I was not nearly so thrilled when I saw Sothern and Marlowe in "Othello" as when Brother Romney sank the dagger into Millie Eyring's heart!

There were married folks' dances and young folks' dances and children's dances. There were many of them and they were noisy, happy affairs. The benches, except for a row around the side of the room, were moved out of the house and piled under the trees in front. The rough floor was swept and sprinkled with wax, the fiddler struck up and the dance was on. "Salute your partner—lady on the left," the caller would begin—for no "round" dancing was allowed in our little Mormon towns. Or perhaps there would be a Virginia Reel. Such stomping of feet and clapping of hands. There couldn't be such dances any place else in the world, surely! When one night some boys and girls climbed in the window and waltzed, they were almost expelled from school. * *

I WAS about eleven years old when father came home one day with the great news that Governor Aumada, of the State of Chihuahua, was coming to Juarez with his Staff. And we were to entertain them at dinner. What preparations! What cleaning of rooms and cooking of choice dishes! And when they came what excitement! Such handsome dark men as those Mexicans were! And what consternation reigned in the kitchen when someone discovered after the soup was in the plates ready to serve that there was no onion in it! But a quick wit saved the day. A large onion was quickly peeled and grated fine and every soup plate was empty when it was brought back from the dining room.

Why the "party" should have asked for water I do not yet understand for they "brought their own." It was strictly contrary to the belief of our Church to indulge in strong drink of any kind so my father could not provide wines. It was not necessary anyway. After dinner, as our distinguished guests sat on the wide, cool verandah, bottles were opened and glasses were filled. They were thin, long-stemmed glasses—many of them (the Governor had brought them, too)—and it broke my heart to see the lovely things thrown carelessly into the flower beds and broken.

But they did ask for water—and Father told me to bring some. I felt my importance keenly—perhaps too keenly. Just as I handed a glassful to a big handsome fellow (the musician of the party) a fly fell into it—an ordinary house-fly. The Mexican handed it back to me. And what did I do? I smiled sweetly and daintily removed the fly with the tip of my little finger. And what did *he* do? He smiled just as sweetly, bowed gallantly and drank the water! And of all those perfect gentlemen not one more than smiled. I truly believe there are no more polite people in the world than upper class Mexicans.

TWELVE years had passed since the day we first saw Colonia Juarez. The colony now boasted a splendid Academy—one of the best in the Church—to which boys and girls from Dublan, Diaz, Morelos, Oaxaca, Chuichuipa, Garcia, and Pacheco came. We even had some from the States. And its doors were open to Mexicans as well as whites. Where a few years ago we children were sent on a dozen trivial errands a day, now, if Mother wanted to know if Sister Hatch would give a lesson in Relief Society meeting she rang three short and two long and asked her over the phone. We no longer cleaned and filled a dozen kerosene lamps every day—for we had our own little electric plant up the river. A substantial wagon bridge was under construction over the Piecres Verde. There was a fine big store, and the postoffice was on Main Street instead of at Aunt Annie Romney's house. The Harpers had moved from their log house into a large brick one with a "Hotel" sign out in front. Deeds to all the land had been made secure and a fine canal brought the water from a natural reservoir in the mountains above Colonia Dublan to the productive soil of the town. There was a railroad from El Paso down over the boiling hot desert to Nuevo Casas Grandes. What if it *did* take from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. to travel 150 miles up to Ciudad Juarez? There was a thrill attached to the trip in spite of the heat

of the dusty red plush seats in the first class car and the smell of the dirty sweaty Mexicans in the third. There were many new brick homes and an air of prosperity was noticeable in all the towns. Father had done all he could for the Mormon Colonies in Mexico and so, feeling grief at leaving the little town where we had known so much joy and sorrow, and happiness from knowing that we should soon be among our own people again, we left Mexico.

I HAVE never been back, except in memory. * * * It would be too much to see the blackened ruins of Colonia Diaz or the deserted houses in Molelos or Chuichuipa. True, some of the Colonies are occupied again since the exodus during the revolution, but they can never be the same. To this day, however, the strains of "La Golandrina" bring tears to my eyes and the scent of a tuberose works the most marvelous magic with me. Once more I am sitting on the wide, inviting steps of the front porch. It is early evening in summer. The air is warm and balmy and almost oppressively sweet with the fragrance of tube roses. Supper is over. From indoors comes the clatter of dishes. Ruperta is "finishing up" in the kitchen. Up the dusty road past Allred's the Jerseys amble, stopping occasionally to crop the fresh grass along the ditch banks until Andreas urges them on. Soon Andreas will come up the path from the barn with the great shiny brass pails full to the brim with milk. Then we will hear the hum of the separator and in an incredibly short time Ruperta will appear around the corner of the house, her long flaring skirt swishing as it hits the gravel walk with every step, her pretty face wreathed in smiles as she tells us "Buenos Noches" or "Hasta Manana." We sigh as she goes past the tall, rank-growing dahlias with their masses of gorgeous bloom and out the gate. For Ruperta is a "gem" and we are going to lose her. She will marry Juan soon, and in a few years she will be old and homely from much child-bearing and hopeless poverty.

Den comes up the walk to see my sister. There is talk and laughter. Softly, quietly, the night covers the little town. All the harshness is softened and it looks beautiful. A great moon rises, shining so brightly through the clean air that one can see to read by it. Fleete, the registered pointer, pads noiselessly across the porch and drops with a thud beside me, her nose in my lap.

Den and Flo wander off—perhaps down to the river by Scott's where a boat is hidden in the willows. We know we should go in —there will be much to do tomorrow—fruit to can to add to the hundreds of quarts already in the cellar—corn to be gathered and put out on the roof in muslin bags to dry—butter to be "tried out" for winter. Oh there will be plenty to do—there always is. And yet what peace, what happiness—what independence!

# Trees of Modern Zion

(*Continued from page* 199)

wide, and each block one furlong (forty rods) in length. The sidewalks were 21 feet wide, and along each of these walks a water ditch supplied the moisture for a row of shade trees. This plan of planting shade trees with streams of running water was followed in all of the Mormon settlements, and in a few years Utah and the surrounding states became noted for their compact, homey villages embowered in delightful shade. (The width of both streets and sidewalks is that for the major portion of Salt Lake City. In other parts and in other towns the width varied to suit those who laid out these other sections.)

In the hope that a description of the trees best suited to our State and climate may be of use to the people interested in such matters this article is presented. The descriptions are abundantly illustrated with photographs taken from life during the year 1933. Generally two views of each tree have been secured—one just before the tree is in full leaf; the other in midsummer.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, the first of the Pioneers in every worthwhile enterprise, chose as a tree truly useful, the black locust. Photos of black locusts are shown. President Young owned tracts of land in various parts of Utah; probably the most noted, consisting of a farm of one hundred acres now owned by Salt Lake City, and known as "Liberty Park," and another of about ten times that size and originally called the "Forest Farm." This latter tract lay on the south side of what is now known as 21st South Street and extended from Highland Drive to State Street.

This farm was used by the great pioneer as a sort of private "experiment station." On it ten acres or more were planted to a French variety of Mulberry trees, the leaves intended as food for silk worms in raising cocoons for the manufacture of silk. On one acre of ground also in this tract, President Young grew 80 bushels of wheat; the seed, the ground, and the harvested grain all carefully measured under his guidance.

The farm-house on the Forest Farm was located about half-a-mile back from the street (now 21st South Street) and was approached by a magnificent avenue formed by four parallel rows of trees its entire length. The inside rows were black walnuts; the distance between the walnut rows being forty feet. Ten feet back of the walnut rows ran on either side a row of black locusts. The most of the trees of this avenue have been displaced by the building of homes in what is now Forest Dale and Lincoln Wards. A few of the trees survive. The picture of black walnut is of one of this original planting; the tree now being over eighty years old. Near the tree, ten feet to the west of the row in which it stood, is a stump of a black locust that was sawed off level with the lawn about forty years ago. Although subject to all changes of weather and to the alternating conditions of wet and dry coming from a flooding of the lawn during all these years, the black locust stump is still firm and solid and has shown only the slightest signs of decay. For fence posts and for building purposes where placed in the ground, no other tree grown in our climate will compare for durability with the black locust. (Note: The

(*Continued on page* 255)

# EDITORIAL

## Easter

LIKE the May observances of England it (Easter) was a festival of joy. With her usual policy the Church (the Catholic Church) attempted to give a Christian significance to such of the rites as could not be rooted out. Joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awakening of nature from the death of winter, became joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness—at the resurrection of Christ from the grave. The bonfires (of the pagan feast of the Saxon deity 'Eastre') can be traced in the great 'paschal tapers,' or 'Easter candles,' sometimes weighing 300 pounds, with which the churches were lighted on Easter Eve."

The quotation given here is from Nelson's Encyclopedia. It indicates that like so many other Christian practices, Easter is an adaptation from the pagans whose rites had a beauty about them that the Church was loath to stamp out.

Easter is a quietly joyous time for all Christians everywhere. It is the celebration of spring, physically and spiritually. Even fashion has adopted it as the day upon which even old clothes are exchanged for new. Though winter may maintain in some parts of the country, especially in those years when Easter comes early, artificial flowers are allowed to blossom on my lady's hat, and real flowers, grown in hot houses, bloom upon her breast and in my lord's buttonhole.

In the Catholic Church, especially, and in other Churches to a lesser degree, the day is made one of spiritual dramatization. In every Christian heart on that day a new gladness wells up. New prayers of thanksgiving are uttered that everything is made new even to the worn out body which has been tenderly laid away in mother earth.—*H. R. M.*

## The Resurrection

THE resurrection is an accomplished fact. It has been removed from the category of "miracle" to that of "law." To the ancient apostles it was the greatest of miracles. No one, according to their knowledge, had ever been resurrected. It seemed to them that all laws of mortality and death had been broken; that God had once more set at naught His laws in order that His Son might rise again.

To the Latter-day Saint the resurrection is the working of natural law—spiritual law. But in a sense all laws are spiritual. The ancient apostles testified that they saw Jesus after he had risen from the grave. They also related the story of His death and His resurrection in a matter-of-fact manner—in much the same manner that they had related the story of his birth and growth and activity. Yet in their narrative one senses their astonishment, amazement, their surprise. They stood in the presence of a colossal fact, yet they recognized it as an unexplainable fact. Jesus was risen! How, they knew not. Why, they were told, but could not understand.

The Latter-day Saint has and accepts the evidence of Joseph Smith. He saw the Master and heard Him speak. Here was a new fact, a new miracle, yet Joseph Smith declared that "there is a law irrevocably decreed in the heavens upon which every blessing is predicated."

That suggests that the resurrection comes by law, not by fiat. Jesus, the Redeemer of the world, set in motion a law as sure and as certain as the law which returns the sap to the tree in spring, the blossoms to the flower. No one who ever lived will be overlooked; he cannot be overlooked. His resurrection is based upon law. Just as the tiny seed hidden in some crevice or cranny feels the warming influence of the spring sun and sends forth a new plant, that "I," that entity, will feel the "pull" of this law set in motion by Jesus and will draw unto itself a new body—a glorified, purified, eternalized body.

And so we rejoice at Easter time, for upon that day the law of the resurrection became known to men upon this earth and operative.

Thomas A. Edison embodied electricity and made it shine. He made law operative. So grateful is America and the world for that achievement that a globe is kept burning perpetually upon the spot where the law first became operative.

If men are so grateful for the boon of physical light, is it any wonder that they celebrate everywhere glorious Easter?

Upon that beautiful morning an angel of light confirmed the promises of Jesus in three simple words—announced the accomplishment of the greatest feat of all—HE IS RISEN—*H. R. M.*

## Developing Rooms

ONE of the delightful and ever-interesting pursuits of many people is amateur photography. Some enjoy simply carrying a kodak about, knowing how to adjust it quickly, and focusing it on worthy scenes, faces and objects with the click which tells that another picture has been taken. They exult over a good "shot," know when a scene is lighted satisfactorily, and thrill to the realization that they are perpetuating moments which might forever be lost without the prompt use of the camera.

That there is fun in the snapping of pictures is indisputable, but those who have carried the activity on further know that in the work done in the dark room they find more than fun—there do they experience wonder, admiration of minds that have added little to little to make the comparative perfection which is photography. To see an apparently clear bit of film or plate turn articulate, almost, in the revealing marvel of "development" commands breathless amazement, and it is renewed with each new experience; repetition

seems not to dim the wonder. That certain treatment with the use of particular chemicals should cause this to be wrought! Pure light, white and clear, shed upon this same film before the fixing process had been completed would ruin the potential picture. And after the film is treated and the negative made, light filtering through it onto sensitive paper makes a positive picture—one which never will be affected harmfully by the light that would have destroyed it forever so short a time before.

It would be enlightening to know how many who have found the sharp triumph of the developing room have wished in their hearts that souls could be put through as simple a process of fixing as photographic plates and come out with the same permanent unchangeableness. After all the rest of the statistics and surveys and questionnaires have been completed, perhaps such a one will be undertaken. But finding out how many have wished it will not add a cubit to the possibility of its coming to be; wishing alone never accomplishes results, except in the fairy tales which are not very good fairy tales. With the time spent in wishing devoted to doing much could be accomplished that would show real results. So instead of wishing for a new developing room with its chemicals and fixtures and its almost certain effectualness in creating lasting proofs we might turn our eyes toward the developing rooms already ours and study deep into the condition of chemicals and light, of negatives and positives, of proof and finished prints.

In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are many developing rooms, and through the processes of dimness and doubt thousands of members have passed before they were safe to go out into the glaring light of sciences—exact, non-materialistic or physical. Negatives they are at the end of their term in dimness—a term which has not been spent idly, but in going through the fixing process of contacts with the agencies set apart to accomplish certain results. Coming into bright light they might find themselves blinded for a little while, but because their process of preparation has been true and dependable, they can be depended upon to make a true imprint upon sensitive minds and hearts when light finally filters through. Having questioned and doubted and wondered is no disgrace; the Church can stand investigation and every one of its foundational principles and fundamental points of belief are strong enough to withstand tests. Those who have questioned and found out for themselves are safe to guide others who question through the dark room which develops souls as well as films. Continue to wonder at the magic of photography, and never cease to marvel at the process of development which culminates in the truest reproduction of the original that can be made. And go on through dark rooms and developing materials into the sureness of an attitude which finally reaches the state of being positive, and reflecting truth. In the human film, however, fixing sometimes becomes too stubborn; images too set; light so great that it darkens the print, making it indistinct to others. The moving-picture process is, perhaps, a better comparison, for it provides for going on and on, changing when necessary to accord with new situations, yet all the while adhering rigidly to immutable principles.

And at this Easter period, think for a moment of the renewal which comes through photography. Spring, buried for months under snow and ice and cold, comes again to life with the marvel which can cause it again to appear as it was. A smile, hidden in the depths of a camera box, again is made thrilling in its contagion; a baby hand lifted to be kissed, and photographed, lives as a print after the hand has grown with its owner, and is doing grown up work. It is only another step to the realization that proofs of oblivion are not as convincing as proofs of immortality.—*E. T. B.*

## Nottingham Journal Features Gold and Green Ball

IN its city edition Monday, 12 February, the *Nottingham Journal*, having "the largest net sale of any morning paper in Nottingham," England, features the Gold and Green Ball which was held under the auspices of the M. I. A. of the Nottingham District of the Latter-day Saint Church at the cooperative ballroom on the preceding Saturday night. In addition to a story about the ball the paper ran a three column picture of the crowning of the elected queen, Miss E. Robinson. Mr. H. Boden, chairman of the district officiated. The story follows:

"A company of 150 attended a green and gold ball held by the Nottingham District of the Latter-day Saints at the Cooperative Ballroom, Nottingham, on Saturday night.

"Queens elected from the various centers were present and a ballot to select the Queen of the District was conducted during the evening. Miss Winifred Robinson was voted Queen of the Ball, and was crowned by Mr. H. I. Boden, president of the Nottingham District, who acted as M. C."

## Women Gradually Winning

PRESIDENT F. D. ROOSEVELT has broken another precedent by naming as Judge on the bench of the United States Court of Appeals, Miss Florence E. Allen, formerly of Salt Lake City. This is the next to the highest tribunal in the United States, the Supreme Court alone being superior. Miss Allen, evidently, is well prepared for the position to which she had been appointed since she has had a wide experience as an attorney and judge.

# LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

HOW TO SELECT MOVIES FOR CHILDREN"* is the title of an article by Fred Eastman, Professor of Religious Literature, Chicago Theological Seminary, in which the author points out requirements of good moving pictures. Summarized, they are as follows:

1. Does the play reach the emotions? Unless it stirs an audience either to laughter or tears, or both, it is a failure as drama.

2. Do the characters seem real and are they worth knowing? * * * Unless these have a convincing sense of reality about them the play again fails.

3. Does the plot involve a conflict which rises steadily to a climax, maintaining proper suspense throughout? And is this conflict understandable to children?

4. Do the characters have to make important choices? Unless they do they are not entirely human. The bigger the central choice in a play, the bigger the play tends to be.

5. Is the theme clear and worth while?

6. Is the solution convincing?

7. Do the players, the director and the others responsible for the presentation of the drama succeed in making it vital and stimulating?

In addition:

1. Is it free from the kind of excitement that makes children scream, or bite their fingernails, or cling in terror to other children * * *? Children react three times as intensely as adults * * * they do not have what psychologists call the "adult discount" * * * to the child it is all very real and terrifying.

2. Does the stimulus to the imagination tend to create wholesome and beautiful pictures in the child's mind?

3. Does the story pictured encourage the kind of attitudes that you want your children to have?

4. Are the behavior patterns of the picture those you would like to see your child imitate? * * * No one knows how many millions of young girls, after seeing "Little Women," had a deeper appreciation of their mothers and sisters.

5. Is the scale of values presented in the picture the same scale as the one you have tried to instil in your child's mind at home? * * * is the picture built upon such values as can be described by the words unselfish, courageous, honest, hard-working, patient, kind, cheerful? Or are the values described rather by these: smart, sophisticated, daring, bold, big, thrilling, passionate, dazzling? These latter words may not describe America at its worst, but they express a kind of life that has lost all sense of spiritual values.

**Parents' Magazine.*

## *Reviews of Current Pictures*

CATHERINE THE GREAT (*English Production*). A film of vividness, high level of acting, picturesque and gorgeous backgrounds. It deals with the young Catherine and her romantic rise to power, dropping her story before it exploits either her real claims to greatness or the corruption of her court. *Adults and young adults.*

NO GREATER GLORY (*Columbia*). An extraordinary picture of boy life with its own honor code, its grim test of courage and its loyalties. Has a fine unity, some moments of deep feeling and a natural expression in the character work of boys. *Family (except nervous children.)*

COMING OUT PARTY (*Fox*). Story of the love of a society debutante for a poor musician and her revolt from the rottenness of her own wealthy set. Fine sincerity of treatments offset some undesirable elements in the story. *Adults and young adults.*

GAMBLING LADY (*Warners*). Daughter of a "straight shooting" gambler carries on the profession after her father's death, with melodramatic results. Fairly clean in flavor, it will not be enjoyed by all *adults.*

GOOD DAME (*Paramount*). In the rough background of a traveling carnival a cynical man is loved by a little waif of a girl who courageously wins him to her ideals. *Adults and young adults.*

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (*Columbia*). Against the background of a hospital, this story of conflict between a progressive young physician and a conservative old doctor is well done, but gives unpleasant reaction to views of suffering, weakness and operations.

PAUL MUNI

Not especially entertaining to *adults and young people.*

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (*M. G. M.*). One of the really surprising pictures in its appeal. Lionel Barrymore gives one of his best performances, and the story is right for the *family.*

WONDER BAR (*Warner's*). An elaborate musical production with gorgeous dance ensembles, a thin plot, and some vulgar jokes and much suggestiveness. Entertaining for those who like this kind.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (*Paramount*). Played in a comedy spirit for the most part, this tale of four people fighting their way through a jungle is entertaining and fantastic. One objectionable scene, but generally all right. *Adults and young adults.*

SIX OF A KIND (*Paramount*). Story of bank clerk and his wife who start to drive from New York to Hollywood gives a good laugh, although the picture is a bit rough in spots. A cast of excellent comedians add interest. *Family.*

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (*20th Century*). George Arliss returns after an absence in the role of sauvely masterful financier who stood behind the thrones of rulers. The film is an epic of the great era of European statecraft, and will raise Arliss one step higher in the esteem of picture fans. *Family,* though a bit mature for children.

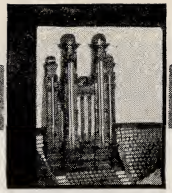
HI, NELLIE (*Warner's*). Best of the newspaper story type, with Paul Muni turning in a superlative performance. Rough, as newspaper pictures always are, it is worth seeing. *Adults and young adults.*

NANA (*United Artists*). A story presumably based upon Zola's by the same name, but having little in common except the title and costumes. But Anna Sten, new Russian film star, is a personality not to be ignored. The picture is trivial; the acting is superb. The picture should be seen in spite of the weakness of it, just to learn something about what can be done by artists. *Adults.*

I WAS A SPY (*Fox*). Don't think you are too tired of spy pictures to see this one. Made in England with Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll starring, it becomes poignant drama, with the deep sense of sincerity which many foreign-made films carry, and most Hollywood pictures fail to achieve. *Adults and young adults.*

I AM SUZANNE (*Fox*). The little Lillian Harvey comes into her first charm in this picture, a thing she has failed to do in her other two American pictures. Attached to a puppet show she creates a character believable, delightful and charming. The story will be enjoyed immensely by the entire *family.*

# * M U S I C *



## *In the Church Music World*

ONE has but to "keep his ear to the ground" or rather in these days it should be "keep his ear to the *air*" to sense the great change that has come over the world in its attitude toward the Latter-day Saints. For several years there has been going out over the air the program of the Tabernacle Choir and Great Organ. At the Century of Progress Exposition while the writer was in the Latter-day Saints' booth, a man stepped up to the model of the Tabernacle and said to the crowd: "A few years ago I traveled over two thousand miles to hear the 'Mormon' Choir and organ once, and now I sit in my own home and hear it every Sunday."

On February 11th one was led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Within fourteen hours four Latter-day Saint programs flashed through the firmament. At 9:30 a. m. the Tabernacle Choir and Organ sent its program for an hour from coast to coast with a potential audience of forty million, possibly a fourth of that number listening in. At eleven o'clock Elder Edward P. Kimball, now stationed at Washington, D. C., was the N. B. C. headliner in the "Church of the Air." He delivered the sermon, played the organ and directed a choir of sixty voices from the beautiful Latter-day Saint Chapel at the Nation's Capitol. At 10 p. m. the Sunday evening service of the Church was broadcasted over KSL with a potential audience of approximately five million, and to the same audience from 10:30 to 11:30 the air is filled with melody from Temple Square.

Surely the day is not far distant when all shall lift up their voices and sing this new song found in the eighty-fourth section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

The Lord hath brought again Zion;
The Lord has redeemed his people, Israel,
According to the election of grace,
Which was brought to pass by the faith
And Covenant of their fathers.

The Lord hath redeemed his people:
And Satan is bound and time is no longer,
The Lord hath gathered all things in one,
The Lord hath brought down Zion from above,
The Lord hath brought up Zion from beneath,
The earth has travailed and brought forth her strength;
The truth is established in her bowels;
And the heavens have smiled upon her;
And she is clothed with the glory of her God;
For He stands in the midst of His people.
Glory and honor and power and might,
Be ascribed to our God; for He is full of mercy,
Justice, grace and truth, and peace,
For ever and ever, Amen.

## *To Composers*

*THE Church Music Committee is contemplating the publication of an additional volume of "Deseret Anthems." The material of this volume will consist of selections composed by contemporary musicians, and it is hoped to present a collection of short anthems with Gospel texts that will provide beautiful, attractive, and practical material to be sung by the ward choirs of the Church. Composers are invited to send manuscripts addressed to me, at 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Those anthems which are accepted will be purchased by the Music Committee.—Melvin J. Ballard, Chairman.*

## *A New Anthem Book*

OF interest to the musicians of the Church is the recent action of the Church Music Committee directing a sub-committee with Elder Tracy Y. Cannon, chairman, to consider the advisability of publishing a fourth volume of "Deseret Anthems." Chairman Melvin J. Ballard has addressed a letter to Church composers which will be found in the box on this page.

The Music Committee is now the owner of all the copyrights and unpublished compositions of the late Evan Stephens who once said to the writer that he loved some of his neglected "children" (songs) better than many given more notice. These will be examined and such as are deemed suitable will be included in the new book.

## *Lives of our Hymnists and Composers*

ANOTHER important decision of the Music Committee is to have compiled the lives of our hymnologists and composers, with stories connected with the writing of the hymns. Some of these hymns were written under tragic or romantic circumstances. The recent radio-dramas given over KSL have awakened unusual interest in the matter and the committee authorized Elder Geo. D. Pyper to begin the compilation of the biographies and stories.

## *"Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart"*

THIS popular song, the words by Joseph Lonking Townsend and the music by Ebenezer Beesley, has been made the subject of one of the monthly programs of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, and many inquiries have been made of the writer of this page for the circumstances connected with its origin.

A very interesting sketch of the life of Brother Townsend, written by Minnie Iverson Hodapp, was published in Volume 55, page 371 of *The Juvenile Instructor*. Mrs. Hodapp asked Brother Townsend how he came to write "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart," and this was his answer: "The circumstance is easily related. At one time, while I was laboring as superintendent of a very large Sunday School, I heard a number of fault-finding remarks among the people. The thought struck me how much nicer 'twould be if I could hear kind words more often. Acting upon this suggestion I wrote the hymn. It is now published in fifteen languages. I have been told that this hymn is my best sermon."

The words were sent to Ebenezer Beesley, who was at the time selecting appropriate verses for Church use, and they appealed so strongly to him that he gave them the setting of his own music that is now found in the Sunday School song book.

THERE is a great difference in music itself; and yet almost any music can be so used as to express religious feeling. We have a right in the Church to ask for such music as shall promote thoughtfulness, tenderness, devoutness, cheerfulness, aspiration, joy in praise, and hope. Not only the character of the music, but also the method of rendering it, is concerned in making it devout or religious."

# MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

## *Hobbies*

*By William Z. Terry*
*Bishop of the Ogden Eighteenth Ward*

EVERY man ought to find a hobby. Just what this may be is not important provided that it fulfills three essential conditions. First, it should be something which the man enjoys; secondly, it should take his mind entirely away from his daily work; thirdly, it should leave him refreshed, ready to take up his regular labors with renewed vigor.

One man may enjoy mountain climbing. It is an excellent hobby. It lifts him high out of the daily routine of life. He sees new beauties all around. Nature seems to have scattered her wealth lavishly in the canyons and on the mountain sides. Flowers, trees and living things; rocks, rills and ridges everywhere invite attention and observation. For a little while the man lives in a new world. He is out where the birds sing and the seasons come and go paying no attention to mortal man and his depression. For the moment the man forgets himself and becomes a part of his surroundings. Presently he returns to his desk and takes up his daily work with a zeal which enables him to accomplish twice as much as he was able to do when tired and languid.

Another man may enjoy golf, cycling, or pitching horseshoes; sight seeing, window shopping, or even playing checkers. The thing he does is not always the weighty question. The important thing is to enjoy, to relax, and to come back with renewed strength and vigor.

The Gospel of Christ provides an outlet for this essential in human life. God knew that man needed a hobby and so "The Sabbath was made for man." Here is a chance to relax, to get away from daily routine, to live in another world for a little while, and then to come back to daily tasks with renewed vigor.

## *High Priests of Weber Stake Have Benefit Fund*

THE High Priests' Quorum of Weber Stake, Ogden, Utah, have established a benefit fund. We quote from a report of the secretary of the quorum to the quorum of his stake:

### A Benefit Fund

Up until the year 1929 the Weber Stake High Priests Quorum were contributing a sum of money to buy the usual flowers upon the death of any High Priest. While flowers speak the expression of the heart, the Quorum felt that something more beneficial should be given to the bereaved, as flowers soon wither and no really substantial benefit can be derived from them. So out of this grew the Weber Stake High Priest Benefit Fund. A memorandum of understanding was made, "in order to form a more desirable union and to be more helpful to each other and to our families in times of distress caused by the death of any of the members of record of our Quorum in good standing." A fund was established by each High Priest donating 25 cents for each month. Upon the death of any High Priest in good standing and who was a participant in the payment of this fund, to his wife, if she survives, if not then to any of his children or any other person in the discretion of the Presidency of the Quorum, is paid the sum of $50.00.

The receipts and disbursements were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jan. 1, 1929, to Aug 1, 1933, total receipts | $1,720.51 |
| Total Disbursements | $1,052.85 |
| Balance of fund on hand | $ 668.42 |

This fund is not kept up merely for ourselves, but in the spirit of doing for others. If a High Priest is unable to pay 25 cents per month it is the duty of his ward unit to help him out.

ELDERS ON PULPIT ROCK IN MARTIN'S COVE

Out of this we learn to be our brothers' keepers. We thereby help and we show a love for our fellow man.

Many a heart has been gladdened, softened and made to break into tears when the ward officers have handed the wife the sum of $50.00 sometimes not knowing that the brethren of her husband in the Quorum had kept up his payments. A little ready cash has enabled her to get things that she really needed upon an occasion of this kind.

## *Personal Welfare Committee, Fifth Quorum of Elders, Mount Ogden Stake, Render Service*

THE Personal Welfare Committee of the Fifth Quorum of Elders, Mount Ogden Stake, rendered great service in their community according to a report of Lester H. Patterson, chairman of the committee. Under Elder Patterson's direction the committee mobilized the unemployed of the ward and then arranged with farmers for produce to be exchanged for work. By this method supplies were obtained for all of the needy of the ward. In addition after a survey had been made showing that the unemployed of the ward were practically all supplied with their winter food, a sale of the surplus was held on the ward grounds and the cash thus secured was distributed to those in need.

According to Mr. Patterson's report $1,476.55 worth of food stuffs was secured by means of 829 days of labor.

## *Instructions of the Late President Francis M. Lyman*

NOW that regularity has been developed in ward teaching, the time has come when definite instructions should be given stake and ward officers to the effect that there are two permanent subjects for the Ward Teachers to impress upon the families of the Latter-day Saints, and they are: Family prayer and attendance at sacrament meetings. These subjects should always be kept before the Saints and discussed in their homes. The teachers should first be taught the essentials of family prayer and should then teach the Saints in their homes when necessary."

# WARD TEACHING

## *Teach Tithing in May*

FOR several years it has been suggested by the Presiding Bishopric that the month of May be set apart especially for the teaching of tithing. In harmony with this custom the Teachers' Message for May deals with this subject. It is suggested that all ward teachers read the message carefully and fully prepare themselves to discuss this important doctrine with members of their wards during the visits in May.

## *Suggestions to Ward Teachers*

MAKE the time of your visit convenient to family.

Study each family and each individual.

Cultivate friendship for everyone visited.

Endeavor to meet each member of the family.

Make your visit brief and profitable.

Promote peace, harmony, and loyalty.

Hold confidence sacred.

Leave your blessing in every home.

Begin your teaching early in the month.

Always attend the teachers' weekly report meetings.

Have your monthly report properly filled out and hand to your Ward Clerk or the Presiding Teacher at last meeting of month.

## *Aaronic Priesthood Ward Teaching Increases*

WARD teaching by members of the Aaronic Priesthood is increasing at an encouraging rate. In several stakes the greater part of the teaching is being done by young men of Lesser Priesthood quorums. Results are reported to be very gratifying.

An excellent record in ward teaching is reported from the Provo Second Ward in Utah Stake. Since February, 1933, the Priests' quorum of that ward has had a 100% record. The Teachers' quorum has made 100% visits since May of last year. Bishop Benjamin H. Knudsen reports that the young men have been well received by the Saints and that he is thoroughly satisfied with the splendid work being done.

As a part of an intensive activity campaign among members of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee has given special attention to ward teaching which is specifically assigned to the Priests and Teachers of the Church by revelation. In this campaign a special award of points in the activity campaign is given for 100% ward teaching each month. The award is given to each member of the quorum with a perfect record. Public recognition is also given.

Members of the ward committee meet each month for leadership training and for a study of Priesthood problems. This committee, with Ivan Madsen as chairman, is demonstrating the value of organized effort in training young men in Priesthood activities according to the plan of the Church.

# Ward Teachers' Message for May, 1934

*Prepared by* OSCAR W. McCONKIE, *Under Appointment of the Presiding Bishopric*

## *Tithing*

AT Far West, Missouri, July 8, 1838, in answer to the question, "O Lord, show unto thy servants how much thou requirest of the properties of the people for a tithing," the Lord gave the following revelation (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 119):

"1. Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of my church of Zion.

"2. For the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion and for the Priesthood, and for the debts of the Presidency of my church;

"3. And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people;

"4. And after that, those who have thus been tithed, shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy Priesthood, saith the Lord.

"5. Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass, that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you.

"6. And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you;

"7. And this shall be an ensample unto all the Stakes of Zion. Even so. Amen."

### Eternal Law

Tithing, although a "free will offering" to the Church, is obligatory upon all who would "have their names enrolled with the people of God." It prepares "against the day of vengeance and burning" (Doc. and Cov. 85:3), for "he that is tithed shall not be burned (at his coming) (Doc. and Cov. 64:23). It is a plain law of ancient origin, and has been observed by the people of God "from the days of Abraham down to the days of Jesus." (Geo. Q. Cannon.) "A poor woman ought to pay her tenth chicken if she has to draw out ten times its value for her support." (Brigham Young.) It applies to "every man, woman and child who earns and receives a return for his labor, to honor the Lord and to prove his obedience to the law of God by giving the one-tenth of that which he or she receives, as the Lord requires, so that they may have their names enrolled on the book of the law of the Lord," even though they receive "church help." It is a "law of reverence for the Church" and a "test by which the people as individuals shall be proved," and he who fails "to observe this principle shall be known as a man who is indifferent to the welfare of Zion, who neglects his duty as a member of the Church, and who does nothing toward the accomplishment of the temporal advancement of the kingdom of God." (Jos. F. Smith.)

### Honesty Required

"By this principle it shall be known who is for the kingdom of God and who is against it,"—"whose hearts are set on doing the will of God and keeping his commandments." (Jos. F. Smith.) Those who live their religion are willing to pay it, and "we do not ask anybody to pay tithing unless they are disposed to do so; but if you pretend to pay tithing, pay it like honest men." (Brigham Young.) Abel's offering was an honest one and the Lord accepted it.

### Blessed Through Obedience

The man who robs God is "cursed with a curse," while he who brings his "tithes into the storehouse" is abundantly blessed of the most high God. The devourer is rebuked for his sake (Mal. 3), of which every man, who honestly and consistently obeys the law, knows for himself. He needs no other witness.

# * * AARONIC PRIESTHOOD * *

THE Pleasant Green Ward in Oquirrh Stake has witnessed a revival of Aaronic Priesthood activity which is producing remarkable results. Under the direction of Bishop Leonard C. Healy and an active Aaronic Priesthood Committee, an activity program is being carried out which is reaching practically every prospective member of the Aaronic Priesthood in that ward. Samuel S. Bateman is chairman of the Ward Aaronic Priesthood committee with Willard H. Reynold, Supervisor of Priests, Arnold Taylor, Supervisor of Teachers, and T. W. Jones, Supervisor of Deacons.

When the campaign began there were 7 active Priests. This has been increased to 23. There were 4 active Teachers with 18 now acting. From 29 Deacons, the number increased to 51. 2 baptisms and 4 promotions for adult Aaronic Priesthood members are reported. In 1932 there were 47 promotions, and in 1933 there were 86.

The campaign began with a house-to-house canvass, searching out every young man from 12 to 20, and every member of the Aaronic Priesthood, regardless of age. The canvass also listed all boys 11 years of age for use in the Primary Cooperation plan. This canvass enabled the committee to make a record of the available membership and the campaign has been carried on vigorously, with results as stated above.

The Ward Committee assumes full responsibility for training young men for receiving the Priesthood, urging attendance at Primary. Where the boys do not attend Primary, the same course is given by one of the Aaronic Priesthood supervisors.

An outing or social event is conducted practically every month. All boys are given the opportunity of joining the Temple Excursions for baptismal work.

Every Priest and Teacher and nearly all Deacons have the Aaronic Priesthood outlines, which are followed regularly. The Oquirrh Stake penant for Aaronic Priesthood activity, which rotates every three months, has been held by Pleasant Green Ward for more than a year. The average attendance at quorum meetings is approximately 51 per cent of all Aaronic Priesthood members.

On February 11, the Sacrament meeting was conducted by the Priests' quorum. Of the 24 Priests of the ward, 21 were present at the meeting. Many who have heretofore been inactive were present and participated. The speakers used texts from the Aaronic Priesthood outline for Priests, giving special attention to evidences of the divinity of the "Book of Mormon." Musical numbers were supplied by members of the quorum who conducted all details of the meeting.

The photograph on this page indicates the number of young men engaged in this important activity.

## *Quorum Officers Shall Preside*

IN all quorum meetings of Aaronic Priesthood it is the right and duty of quorum officers to preside. The revelation which makes this clear reads as follows:

"And again, verily I say unto you, the duty of a president over the office of a deacon is to *preside over twelve deacons, to sit in council with them, and to teach them their duty*—edifying one another, as it is given according to the covenants.

"And also the duty of the president over the office of the teachers is to *preside over twenty-four of the teachers*, and *to sit in council with them, teaching them the duties of their office*, as given in the covenants.

"Also the duty of the president over the priesthood of Aaron is to *preside over forty-eight priests, and sit in council with them*, to *teach them the duties of their office*, as is given in the covenants.

"This president is to be a bishop; for this is one of the duties of this priesthood.—*Doc and Cov., Sec.* 107.

## *Priests and Teachers Have Responsibility of Ward Teaching*

THE duties of Priests and Teachers, as set forth in the Doctrine and Covenants are as follows:

"*The priest's duty* is to *preach, teach, expound, exhort*, and *baptize*, and administer the sacrament.

"And *visit the house of each member*, and *exhort them to pray vocally and in secret*, and *attend to all family duties;*

"And he may also ordain other priests, teachers and deacons.

"And he is to take the lead of meetings when there is no elder present;

"But when there is an elder present, he is only to *preach, teach, expound, exhort*, and *baptize.*

"And *visit the house of each member*, exhorting them to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties.

"In all these duties the priest is to assist the elder if occasion requires.

"*The teacher's duty* is to *watch over the church always*, and *be with and strengthen them,*

"And *see that there is no iniquity in the church*—neither hardness with each other—neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

"And *see that the church meet together often*, and also *see that all the members do their duty;*

"And he is to take the lead of meetings in the absence of the elder or priest—

"And is to be assisted always, in all his duties in the church, by the deacons, if occasion requires;

"But neither teachers nor deacons have authority to baptize, administer the sacrament, or lay on hands:

"They are, however, to *warn, expound, exhort, and teach and invite all to come unto Christ.*

"Every elder, priest, teacher, or deacon, is to be ordained according to the gifts and callings of God unto him; and he is to be ordained by the power of the Holy Ghost, which is in the one who ordains him.—*Doc. and Cov., Sec.* 20:46-60.

PLEASANT GREEN WARD AARONIC PRIESTHOOD, OQUIRRH STAKE

## *Weekly Quorum Meetings All Year Urged by Presiding Bishopric*

FROM the new circular of instructions on Aaronic Priesthood organization, duties and standards recently issued by the Presiding Bishopric these statements are taken:

1st. *Thorough training in the* Priesthood is *more important than any other.*

2nd. *There is no excuse for failure to hold a regular Priesthood meeting in* every ward *each week throughout the year.*

3rd. *Under no circumstances should Aaronic Priesthood meetings be adjourned for the summer.*

4th. Priesthood activity and training should be given *first consideration* over every other organization.

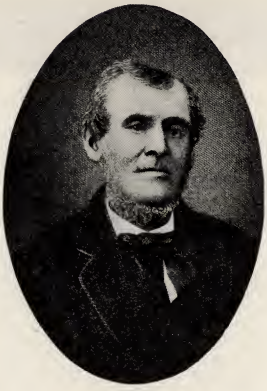
5th. In general the best results are obtained with the Priesthood where these meetings are *held separately* and *not in connection* with any other organization.

6th. The Bishop will preside at the weekly meeting. All should meet in a general assembly for opening exercises. * * Then the members should retire to their different classrooms according to their Priesthood and proceed with the *regular order of business* (this is also given in the new circular) and *consideration of assignments of duty* in the Priesthood for the ensuing week and with the discussion of suitable topics *pertaining to the Priesthood.*

7th. We trust that the presiding officers in every stake and ward will give this the consideration it deserves.

## *New Plan of Reports*

ATTENTION of stake and ward officers is again called to the new system of reporting on Aaronic Priesthood quorum activities and Aaronic Priesthood correlation committee activities. Under the new plan reports are to be made by the wards to the stakes each month and by the stake committees to the stake Presidency.



MARTIN HARRIS

These monthly reports are not to be sent to the Presiding Bishopric. All reports called for by the Presiding Bishop's Office are being included in the regular quarterly reports made by ward and stake clerks.

The ward report of Aaronic Priesthood quorum activity is to be made by the ward chairman of Aaronic Priesthood to the stake chairman who in turn will compile the ward reports into a stake report for the stake Presidency. *The stake report is not to be sent to the Presiding Bishopric.*

The report of the ward Aaronic Priesthood correlation committee is to be made by the ward clerk (or an assistant) to the stake clerk (or his assistant), who in turn will compile the ward reports into the stake report for the stake correlation committee of which a member of the stake Presidency is chairman. *The stake report is not to be sent to the Presiding Bishopric.*

Some stake correlation committees are still sending monthly reports to the Presiding Bishopric. These are now desired quarterly only and are included in the regular quarterly reports made by ward and stake clerks.

TEACHERS AND PRIESTS, PROVO 2ND WARD, UTAH STAKE

## *Pilgrimage to Grave of Martin Harris Planned for Aaronic Priesthood*

SEVERAL hundred members of Aaronic Priesthod quorums from Northern Utah and Southern Idaho are expected to meet at the grave of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon on Saturday, May 19. The pilgrimage is planned in honor of the 151st anniversary of his birth which occurred May 18, 1783. The grave is at Clarkston, in Benson stake in Cache Valley, Utah.

The suggestion has been made that Aaronic Priesthood supervisors make the pilgrimage the objective of an activity campaign in line with the suggestions recently made by the Presiding Bishopric, with the climax of the campaign the participation of the entire quorum in the first pilgrimage of its kind.

Stake and ward supervisors who plan to participate in the pilgrimage are invited to inform the Presiding Bishopric of their plans and any special campaigns developed in connection with it. It is expected that this will be the first of a series of events in which members of the Aaronic Priesthood will be invited to participate.

## *Aaronic Priesthood Convention at April Conference*

SPECIAL plans have been made for the regular semi-annual convention of all stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood supervisors and members to be held during April conference. All leaders in Lesser Priesthood work who attend the general conference are urged to be present at the convention. The time and place will be announced in the regular conference notices.

— * —

ON January 1, 1933, there were 20,077 ordained Teachers in the stakes. Only a comparatively small percentage of them were engaged in ward teaching. As this is one of their special callings every effort should be made to have them accept this duty.

— * —

THERE are 22,003 Priests in the Church, the majority of whom should be engaged in ward teaching.

IN some stakes a project is being developed under which 100% of ward teaching is to be done by the Aaronic Priesthood.

— * —

A SPECIAL Leadership Training Conference for all Aaronic Priesthood leaders will be held Saturday, April 7, at 8 a. m. in Barratt Hall. The program will include discussions of all phases of Aaronic Priesthood work.

# MUTUAL MESSAGES

*Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices*

**General Superintendency**
**Y. M. M. I. A.**
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
*Executive Secretary*

**General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.**
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.**
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**General Presidency**
**Y. L. M. I. A.**
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
*Executive ecretary*

## *Prayer*

PRAY that ye enter not into temptation."

These were the words of the Savior which He gave to His Disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane when He knew He was about to leave them. So subtle is the approach of temptation that Jesus knew we should be ever on our guard and supplicate our Heavenly Father to strengthen our powers of resistance.

Temptations do not always come with promptings to commit some selfish or unethical act but often in the form of carelessness, causing one to omit what appears to be a trifling duty. Of little beginnings beware! Success in any walk of life is largely made up of trifles. Temptations may come as a suggestion, such as: Why keep the Word of Wisdom? Why go to Sacrament Meetings? Or, Why pray? Hence, the need of sincere and humble prayer.

God gave the following commandment to one of His early-day servants: "Pray always and I will pour out my spirit upon you and great shall be your blessings; Yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth." (Doc. and Cov. 19:38.)

Although the Savior lived so closely to His Father, that He said they were one in thought and spirit and even though He had the power to summon twelve legions of angels to His aid, He still found it necessary to pray.

## *Keep Close to the Young People*

BEFORE the M. I. A. year closes we shall perhaps discover that the M Men-Gleaner Course in "Personality" has been the most popular study of the season. Everyone more or less is interested just now in how better to improve his manner of approach towards other people, or, in other words, his social behavior. Classes in Personality and Charm have sprung up in several places and have attracted large numbers. This we feel is a happy circumstance and undoubtedly all of us would gain much by joining such a group or at least giving the subject much personal attention. The results attendant upon a pleasing personality or the reverse are tremendous. How many of us know people whose hearts are pure gold, whose characters are without blemish and yet who miss countless opportunities of helping and encouraging others and making them happier because of inability to understand their viewpoint or to contact them in the right way.

What a blessing it is to have a sympathetic, understanding attitude; to be interested in people; to hold out naturally and gladly the hand of fellowship and friendship to all.

Especially are these qualities desirable in M. I. A. officers, for theirs is the pleasant privilege of meeting boys and girls intimately. The M. I. A. program provides for happy association. Officers and class leaders are not sedate, dignified "instructors" who are to be approached from afar off but are brothers and sisters in the truest sense, who from their vantage ground of a little broader experience are earnestly trying to help those who come under their influence. Respect, it is true, should be accorded them but the respect that springs from the natural sources of admiration and love.

GLENNA CLYDE, QUEEN OF M. I. A., HEBER, UTAH

In these the closing months of the M. I. A. year, we, as M. I. A. officers, might look with profit into our own personalities, especially as they relate to the contact with the members of our organization. Have we made personal friends of each girl and boy? Have we understood something of their aspirations, perchance their doubts and fears? Do we know their attitude towards the Church, towards life, towards their Heavenly Father? Are we answering the questions that may be in their minds? Every young person in the Church should feel free to bring questions and problems to his M. I. A. leader; he or she should be listened to respectfully and sympathetically and receive an answer if one can be given.

Let there be no gap between the leaders and the membership of our organizations. Let us keep close together.

## *The Spring Time*

THE spring months of the year are happy ones in the Mutual Improvement Association. There are so many festivities that enthusiasm runs high. Most of the Green and Gold Balls have been held as also most of the Music Festivals. But there are still M Men-Gleaner Banquets, Junior Spring Festivals, Vanguard and Scout Meets, Bee-Hive Swarm Days, with occasional Senior and Adult parties thrown in. Then, too, our contests—stake and division and grand finals—are before us. But all these gala events, enjoyable as they are, should not break in too much on our regular program. Officers—much depends upon your attitude in keeping our associations going until the last week in May. Remember that "follow the leader" is more than a game. It is evident each year in our organization. The members will follow your lead. If you are full of interest and make your plans to carry on until our manuals and appreciation courses are fully completed this spring the same determination will prevail largely among the members.

Last fall you had high hopes of many things you wished to accomplish. Do not cease your efforts until these

hopes are realized. The spring evenings in Mutual give you many opportunities to touch the individual boy and girl, as you have not touched him or her before.

## *Contests*

WE are approaching that season of the year when our activity program, in the shape of contests, is coming to the fore.

We suggest to our ward and stake officers that they keep constantly in mind before all contestants, the purpose of contest work, namely: Participation for the joy and development it brings and that preparation and growth constitute the real victory; also that decisions of judges should be taken without question, as that is a necessary ending of the work.

To learn to lose cheerfully is one of life's best lessons. It requires considerable strength of character to come up smiling when, after a long period of preparation, the decision goes against a contestant, but to those who can meet decisions in this manner a great life-lesson has been learned, and a great winning power has been acquired.

We appeal to you to make this contest program do what it is intended to do—grow out of and be a part of the Tuesday evening program and as a sort of commencement exercises of the regular season's work.

Please note all rules and regulations of eligibility and requirements as found in the 1933-34 supplement to the Handbook and Community Activity Manual.

Officers must play their parts well. Rules and regulations should be written down and placed in the hands of all contestants. Officers, both stake and ward, should stand by their decisions and not try to bend the rules in order to favor their particular friends.

The question of judges should receive the careful attention of our officers at the present time. Since contest involves the necessity of judgment, as to first and second place winners, that judgment should be as accurate and proficient and as just as it is possible to be. We suggest that right now is the time to be making arrangements for judges both in the wards and stakes so that judges can be furnished materials that they are expected to pass judgment on and to become familiar with the standards that have been set up by the General Boards by which judgment should be guided.

We feel that if these contests are entered into with the proper spirit and training, much good will be realized by every community, not only by way of developing the arts and cultural life of the people, but also in helping to vitalize and enliven our general M. I. A. program.

## *Sunday Evening Joint Program for May*

1. Hymn—"O It Is Wonderful," Choir or congregation; duet and congregation.
2. Invocation.
3. Hymn—"Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," Male Chorus, or "O Lovely May," by the Ladies' Chorus.
4. Reading or story—"The Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood," by a member of the Aaronic Priesthood. (See Section 13, D. & C.) (If anyone in the ward has visited Harmony, Pennsylvania, he or she might describe the country in which the restoration took place. John, the Baptist, was a resurrected being.)
5. Vocal or Instrumental Solo—"The Holy City."
6. Sermon—The Resurrection.

*Note*: The Latter-day Saints believe in a rather literal resurrection—that is, of the flesh and bones of those who die. They believe the accounts given of Christ's resurrection as they are found in the Gospels. They also believe that the ancient apostles and John the Baptist as well as Elijah have appeared in these days adding personal, eye-witness testimony to the ancient scriptures. References for the sermon may be found in the Gospels, in I Corinthians, Chapter 15; in Talmage's Articles of Faith; and in Gospel Doctrines, by President Joseph F. Smith.

7. Anthem—"The Heavens Resound," by Mixed M. I. A. Chorus or ward choir. ("I Know That My Redeemer Lives" is a good hymn to use as a substitute.)
8. Benediction.

The meeting should be gauged in length according to the practices of the various wards.

## *Stake Activities*

### WASATCH STAKE

THE Gold and Green Ball of Wasatch Stake was a most delightful affair, decorations of three hundred green and gold balloons creating an air of festivity which characterized the entire evening. Six wards entered Queens, and votes were cast for the Queen of the evening, the winner marching with her escort to a throne placed in a garden. Attendants were the Maids of Honor and their escorts and flower girls, and all were presented with bouquets of roses. The demonstration of the Gold and Green Tango was a beautiful climax to a lovely evening.

### ELYSIAN PARK WARD—HOLLYWOOD STAKE

The accompanying picture is of a group of mothers and babies, the infants all being under one year old, and five babies under six months, in the ward, being left out of the picture. There are in this ward of 61 families 17 infants under a year old. The Bishop, Alvin Martindale, challenges any ward in the Church to supply a better per capita record!

### THE SNOWFLAKE STAKE MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Snowflake Stake Music Festival was more than a music festival. It was the profound expression of a pulsing, throbbing love of music coupled with the high resolve to participate in a fine way in a real activity of mutual improvement. People came from eleven communities covering an area extending ninety miles north and south and fifty miles east and west. Those taking part comprised eight percent of the Stake population, nearly every Ward being represented. Possibly the outstanding feature was the spirit of cooperation and elimination of the personal equation on the part of local music directors, who spent much time training their individual groups and then invited the Stake chorister to come and direct the interpretation into a unified trend. As a finale the chorister gave the signal and the prelude was played. A hush fell over the assemblage, for that vast chorus was singing; if Handel poured out his soul's convictions of the life of the Redeemer when he composed "The Messiah" those 207 voices echoed their gratitude for the Master's service in their rendition of his "Hallelujah Chorus."

MOTHERS AND BABIES, ELYSIAN PARK, HOLLYWOOD STAKE

# ERA AND PUBLICITY

WE wish to congratulate the publicity as well as the *Era* directors for the splendid pieces of publicity which are being carried on in many stakes. We are not in touch with all stakes, but we do see many of the weekly papers of Utah and find them with M. I. A. news in them attractively presented.

We also wish to compliment the editors of various M. I. A. newspapers which are being published throughout the Church. Publicity is important if it maintains a high standard of excellence.

## *How Much is the Era Worth?*

FOR the first time the Star Valley, Wyoming Stake has gone over the top on its *Era* campaign. This is an isolated and scattered stake—consequently when we saw the quota our first thoughts were "it can't be done."

The directors in the various wards have taught us a lot. The small community of Auburn went over the top in two hours' time. The directors and workers met at the president's home, held a prayer circle and went out for their *Eras*. They accepted whatever a person had to give—and by a system of exchanges soon had their quota. Other communities have worked a similar system, grains, hay, livestock, fowls, vegetables, hair cuts, marcells, subscriptions to papers, photos, pictures, show tickets, etc., have been exchanged for a subscription to the *Era*. There has been considerable juggling but it has worked and everyone feels good about the fact that we are among the few.

Ona A. Harrison,
Y. L. M. I. A. Stake President.

## *Make Writing Heads a Game*

THE editors and writers of the M. I. A. newspapers will find headwriting an interesting game if they will follow the rules. Here are a few ideas regarding newspaper heads:

1. The head should tell the story in brief.

2. Every head should contain a verb or one should be implied.

3. The head should be set in type which will display the story in accordance with the idea of the editor. That is, if it is an important story, the head should emphasize that importance.

4. Count in the letters in order to make them fit the column and the size of type. Copyreaders and editors use the following method of counting: All letters count one except M's and W's which count one-and-a-half, and I's L's and spaces, which count one-half.

For instance, here is a head taken at random from a daily paper:

NELLIE T. ROSS (12)
MAY QUIT HIGH (11½)
BOURBON POST (11½)

Here, because the L's are capitals, we count them one each. You will note that this head tells the story in brief. Had these words not fitted the column in the size of type the paper was using for that head the wording would have been changed. Sub-heads are not counted so carefully, but even they should be written with length in mind.

Usually ideas for the head, if the story be well written, are found in the lead, that is, in the first paragraph of the story.

## *A Little Friendly Rivalry Here*

FREMONT Stake Board, Rexburg, Idaho, sent the following wire to the Stake Board of Hollywood Stake:

Hollywood Stake Clerk
1209 Manhattan, Los Angeles.

"Convey greetings from our board to the board of Hollywood stake. Tell them we are in the race with them to the finish. We are over the top on our quota but are still working and will continue until April fifteenth."

"D. W. Stowell,
"M. I. A. Supt. Fremont Stake."

## *Workers Like This One Make the New Year Happy*

Dear Brother Ballard:

THE Shumway Ward was never mentioned in the *Era* and it was the only ward who had every family as subscribers. I did most of the work myself, as the President of the Young Men's was at work at Miami.

I even went 9 miles horseback and with team and wagon on different times to dispose of onions, squash, chickens and oats.

I think something could be put in the next *Era* as I was told that it would be broadcast everywhere as I thought it would be mentioned when it was the only ward with every family a subscriber. I was working alone and for the last subscription I took cracked wheat, but maybe they have failed to send in the money yet and I ran out of subscription blanks so cannot send one in. Sincerely,

Minnie K. Rhoton,
Shumway, Arizona.

HAVE you anybody in your ward who might write a letter as follows because you failed to call? We get many such letters.

January 15, 1934.

"I have taken your magazine for about 30 years. I started with the *Young Woman's Journal* several years before I was married, and took it until it discontinued, or was combined with *Era*. My husband took the *Era* a good many years, too. The agent must have missed us this year. We feel like we cannot do without the *Era*. Please send in my husband's name.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ella Wittwer.
(Joseph Wittwer).

THE following letter was received from Helen Whiteley, Burley Stake M. I. A.:

January 9, 1934.

"On page 872 of the December *Era* among the clippings relative to M. I. A. work, one "Mutual Presents Awards to View and Unity Wards" was included from Burley Stake. The statue mentioned was presented to the Springdale Ward instead of the View as is mentioned in the very first part of that article, the mistake having been made by the M Men Supervisor in reporting the presentation. We are wondering if it would be possible to make a statement of the fact that Springdale won the trophy some place in your next publication? This will be very much appreciated.

EL PASO WARD, El Paso, Texas, has 165% of its *Era* quota, according to records in the office. That is a good showing for a community so far from the centers of the Church.

J. A. P. JENSEN
LOS ANGELES STAKE

MARIE DANIELSEN
FRANKLIN STAKE

GEO. L. STANGER
FRANKLIN STAKE

"LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY"

# ADULTS

LEARN TO LIVE JOYOUSLY

THE purpose of the World Association for Adult Education is to dispel the melancholy belief that grown men and women have nothing left to learn, and to diffuse throughout all countries and in every section of society, the sense of wonder and curiosity and the gift of mutual sympathy and companionship which add so much to the meaning of life."—*A. E. Zimmern.*

## *Suppose*

SUPPOSE Adult Groups in the Church everyhere focused their attention upon the vital problems affecting themselves, their children, their community, ward, and the Church. Suppose each member sensed fully his obligation to the group, and his responsibility to contribute everything possible in dealing with these problems.

Is it not certain that such concerted effort would result in bringing forward many helpful new ideas, new approaches to old problems, better methods of procedure? Would not a higher intellectual life certainly follow? Greater moral thoughtfulness, growing out of such a deep personal sense of mutual aims, purposes and plans would result in the finest fellowship and in more cultured and refined conduct on the part of all in public and in private.

Life would take on a new lustre. Much needless pain and suffering would be eliminated through helpful understanding. With zest all might move forward, each day becoming brighter, richer, and more significant. It is safe to predict further that thus would be discovered many new joys as yet unknown to us. Such is the splendid quest which beckons all our M. I. A. Adult Groups everywhere, and which is attainable by even the humblest of them.

### Non Nobis Solum

Moreover, let it be remembered that adults live not for themselves alone; the happiness and well-being of so many others is in our keeping. Our Adult Project expresses a permanent responsibility which we should cheerfully accept. "We will strive to raise the cultural tone of our community social life and recreational activities." (See Adult Manual, pages 16-19.) No Adult Group should permit this season to pass by without giving careful consideration to these matters. Face the facts fairly and squarely, and make the finest possible group effort in this field where we must assume leadership.

### Look About You

Physical surroundings have such a profound effect upon the minds of children, and for that matter upon the attitudes of adults as well. Spring is at hand; look about you, first at the interior of your own home. What about its color scheme; is it conducive to cheerfulness and a bright outlook upon life. Is it soothing, restful, or does it jar your finer sensibilities? Perhaps the ideal may be achieved merely by changing the color combinations. What sort of pictures hang upon the walls? Will their effect upon the minds of growing children be uplifting, or harmful? In their selection, was thought given to this matter? The frames, whether costly or inexpensive, are of little importance; what is portrayed is vital. Good pictures need not be expensive. Copies of the masterpieces are quite within reach.

### A Simple Expedient

How much of a woman's life is spent in the kitchen! So much, indeed, that everything possible should be done to make it habitable too. Oh, the blessing of paint, washable wall paper, etc.!

Some of our Mormon villages which have been described by observers as ugly, could be made inviting and attractive by the simple expedient of using paint. Here again one might exclaim in the interest of sound economy as well as in a sense of beauty, "Oh, for a bit of paint!" Its preserving properties seem not to have been discovered in some villages. May there be at least one adult in every Mormon community this season who discovers paint—thereby becoming the discoverer of a new world of beauty perhaps to which his neighbors may be constrained to contribute also.

### That Subtle Something

Look at the place where you worship—the house you have dedicated to God. Is it worthy, architecturally; in the sheer beauty of cleanliness—which is next to Godliness; in its general appointments, those things which contribute to the creation of that subtle something which we sense when we enter there. We call it the "Spirit" of the place. Here, too, it is well to inquire as to the character of the paintings or pictures which adorn the walls, if there are such. Have these been fittingly chosen? Do they add to or detract from the spirit of reverence?

### A Bit of Eden

Lawns, flowers, shrubbery—a bit of Eden—should be about every house of worship, if it is physically possible. We have them surrounding our own places of abode; why not cultivate them here too?

Has your Adult Group ever discussed the manner in which religious meetings are conducted in your community, with a view to making the entire procedure as impressive and pleasing as possible? Are these exercises the thoughtful expression of a cultured community or are they obviously a careless random arrangement lacking in proper preparation and dignity?

### Do It Now

In all these matters in most of our communities there is need for improvement. As a group of mature Adults what finer project could engage our attention? Let us seek to express true culture and refinement in all these ways. Doubtless every group will discover many other ways in which to be helpful but these are a few practical suggestions which it is hoped are also timely.

## *Feast and Frolic With Your Friends*

ONCE a year is not too often, even for our Adults, to sit together around the festive board in hearty good fellowship.

As matter of fact in many wards a banquet, near the close of the M. I. A. season has already become an established event in the Adult Department. It often marks the high-point of social interest and seems to be a suitable climax of the year's social activities. There are so many variations possible in both the menu and the accompanying program, that there is no likelihood of anyone objecting to it as an annual event.

A general committee should be appointed who also may act as a reception committee. Sub-committees should also be organized with the responsibility of the menu, setting the table, color scheme, place cards, decorations, toasts, speeches and program. Each committee should be made up of both men and women.

Small booklets about 3 inches by 1½ inches with a decorative cover and enough pages for each guest to write his name, month and date of birth, could be placed at each plate as a "favor" and could be used as a place card also, the idea being to call up each one on the phone or send a card on his or her birthday.

# SENIORS

## *Let's Make a Strong Finish*

HERE it is April. Time to take a final look at our department and arrange to round out our season satisfactorily and finish our work with a flourish that will fill us with enough enthusiasm to take us happily and actively through the summer, eager for the next Season's work.

Stake Senior Leaders, have you consulted the ward Senior Leaders and chosen the topic for the Stake Open Forum? The suggestion is on page 5 of the Manual. It is No. 3.—An Open Forum on General, National, or World-wide Readjustments.

There are many community activities that should appeal particularly to the Senior groups at this time of year; such as—

### Another Suggestion for Group Activity

Wherever your community may be, it had a beginning. Why not put it on the map? Get authentic facts from the original settlers, your parents or grandparents, perhaps. Gather all old pictures with their stories. Take photos of buildings still standing, of sites prominent in its founding, of the Pioneers or founders still living. Determine if there is any spot worthy of a monument or marker and place one there and give voice to the community pride that perhaps is unspoken in your hearts. We venture a guess that many a trunk will be opened, many an old album be rescued from oblivion and made to divulge rich treasures for your history. Time is passing. Tomorrow death may seal the lips that today can tell vividly the tales you seek. Then you are thrown back upon hear-say "He said" or "She said" or upon books that may or may not be correct.

If you have a lantern that will throw your treasures on a screen while someone tells the story you are fortunate indeed.

What to do at this time of year? Take yourselves, individually or in a group for walks and rides where you may enjoy the beauties that April brings,—the fleecy clouds that sometimes bring rain and sometimes just wander vagrantly across the sky to accentuate its deep, deep blue, or playfully cover the brilliant sunshine for a moment; the song of the birds returned from their winter flight; the beautiful lacy tracery of a tree, just bursting into leaf, against the light of early dawn, or the glowing sky at sunset, or against the twilight with the slender new moon and the bright evening star in the west; the lovely spring flowers—crocus and tulip cup shaped to hold sweet nectar for honey gathering bees; the snow drop and hyacinth like lovely bells that tinkle out exquisite tunes for the fairies to dance to. Put your hands deep into the waiting fragrant soil and putting your ear close to the ground, feel in your veins and hear with your ears the dear Earth's breathing, and hear her message, "Live close to me, I'll feed you, clothe you, comfort and heal you." These and many other things do you in April and let your heart sing for joy.

We hope you are having a Stake Senior Ball some Friday or Saturday night soon.

### Home and Community Beautification

One woman who was keenly appreciative of her home in Zion (She called it her inheritance in Zion) resolved to improve and beautify as best she could both her house and her grounds so they would bear testimony of her appreciation. She said, "If the wilderness is to blossom as a rose I must do my part." Her land was mostly rocks and gravel. It has taken many years of hard work and the hauling out of many loads of rocks and the bringing in of uncounted loads of soil and fertilizer to subdue her inheritance to a manageable condition. Now it is fairly tractable. Lawns, trees, shrubs, flowers, vines, a rock garden, tiny lily pond, bird baths, sun dial, play ground for the children, etc., have made it a place of delight for her family and her friends—a place worthy to be called her "Inheritance in Zion."

When she entered the home at the beginning of her married life, it was dedicated by prayer as the nucleus of a Latter-day Saint home. She has done her best to make it a place where the spirit of the Gospel may dwell in peace and beauty.

Spring is here again with her irresistible urge upon us to see, appreciate, and assist her to beautify the earth. Let us lose no time but double our efforts to develop and enhance the beauty of our Inheritance in Zion.

## *Keep Vigilant*

AT no time in the world's history has it been more apparent than now that, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." One of the reasons that people are in their present sad plight is that they failed to maintain such vigilance.

The question arises, "How do we keep vigilant?" and the answer follows, "By finding out." We must keep on finding out.

One of the best ways to find out is to read. There never was a time in the world's history when information, exact information, was so abundant and so widely disseminated.

For the benefit of those class leaders and members who want to widen the range of their reading we list below a number of articles noted in a review of several high class magazines for January, 1934, and which bear on some of the subject matter of the Class Manual. We urge the reading of these articles:

In the Atlantic Monthly.

*"Toward a Planned Economy,"* by Sir Arthur Salter. We are heading toward a control of production to prevent the accumulation of disastrous surpluses; this author sets forth the effects thereof as he sees them.

*"The Men and the Moment,"* by Wm. Harlan Hale. This has to do with the so-called New Deal and is instructive.

In the Forum.

*"Tear Drops for Tears,"* by Russel Holt Peters. This has to do with the railroads, regarding which there is a chapter in our Manual.

*"A Code for the Churches,"* by John Haynes Holmes; this is a short but stimulating article. You may not agree with the author, but that does not matter.

In the Contemporary Review.

*"Experience and its Claims in Christian Religion,"* by Rev. D. S. Guy;

A group of distinguished publicists have also recently recommended ten outstanding articles appearing in the January, 1934, numbers of certain magazines, as being worthy of careful perusal; of these ten we mention below five which should have particular value for our Senior Class leaders and members; we hope they will read them.

*"Are Bankers to Blame,"* by H. Parker Willis, in *Harper's.*

*"The Betrayal of Cleveland,"* by John T. Flynn, in *Harper's.*

*"The Future of Banking,"* by H. Parker Willis, in *Yale Review.*

*"The New Deal is no Revolution,"* by Louis M. Hacker, in *Harper's.*

*"Honest Inflation,"* by Edward Tuck, in *Scribners.*

# M MEN-GLEANERS

## *The Personality of Jesus*

THOUGH there may be some dissensions in the opinions of men as to who and what Jesus the Christ was, though some there are who deny this divinity, there are few if any who deny the qualities of this man which made him the "unparalleled, and unapproached" personality of all ages.

"* * * this Man stands first, foremost, and alone as a directing personality in the world's progression. Mankind has never produced a leader to rank with Him. Regarded solely as a historic personage, He is unique. Judged by the standard of human estimation, Jesus of Nazareth is supreme among men by reason of the excellence of His personal character, the simplicity, beauty, and genuine worth of His principles, and the influence of His example and doctrines in advancement of the race." Thus is the personality of Jesus summarized by Dr. James E. Talmage in his book "Jesus the Christ." And he adds, "* * that to all of these distinguishing characteristics is added one which surpasses the sum of all the others—the divinity of Christ's origin."

For several months now M Men and Gleaners have been endeavoring to analyze this matter of personality by discussing the various phases. It is quite fitting that as we near the end of the course a perfect example of personality should be brought to them. In presenting Jesus the Christ as the Perfect Personality, let us view Him through our analysis of what personality has meant to us.

First we stated that Personality was the Sum Total of Social Behavior. Christ lived but 33 years, his active ministry only lasted three years, he led no army, he did not affiliate with any political organization, he painted no great pictures, composed no music, never wrote a book, yet His images, His ideas, attitudes and habits, His behavior was such that He has come down through the ages as The Greatest Personality known.

We talked of sincerity as being a necessity to the good personality. Every act of Christ's life was characterized by sincerity of purpose. "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon Him. His sincerity of purpose and unusual wisdom astounded the learned doctors with whom he conversed."

His deportment was such that once meeting Him He was never forgotten. He adjusted Himself to every new environment. His speech was simple and clear. He spoke in the manner of the people with whom He came in contact, parables, stories of the commonplace things, that the listeners understood.

Never has there been another such example of the harmonizing of personalities as in Jesus, and the people He met, sinner and saint, He understood. Did he harmonize with the Samaritan, did He mingle with the sinners, was He able to harmonize with the learned and the ignorant, there is no other such example in the history of the world.

Manly? A physical courage unmatched—His crucifixion and the events leading to it tell a story poignant with pathos and courage—spiritual courage, He came to do His Father's work. His spiritual courage never failed Him.

Moral courage:—when physically and mentally weak, the tempter came with insidious suggestions that He use His miraculous power to obtain food, to obtain protection, to tempt the Father, and last but not least tried to tempt Christ with promises of worldly possessions, but Christ withstood all.

"Nineteen hundred years of investigation and relentless criticism have failed to prove other than that Christ was the oustanding Personality."

## *M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Blaine Stake*

ONE of the lovely affairs of the season at Carey, Idaho, of Blaine Stake, was the Gleaner- M Men Banquest, held December 28th.

The guests included M. I. A. officers and teachers with their husbands or wives, the Bishopric members with their wives, and the Gleaners and M Men of the Ward.

The hall was decorated with red and green wreaths, garlands, drapes, stars, evergreen appropriate for the occasion. Four tables were set for about 100 persons. Holly and poinsetta centerpieces and large red candles decorated the tables, besides the tiny candles, favors and the place cards.

The menu consisting of three courses followed the color scheme of red, green and silver as much as possible and altogether was pleasingly attractive.

An orchestra furnished music while the guests were arriving. Brother Ray Robbins acted as toastmaster of the evening. The theme of the program was "Eternal Progression." Responses were given to toasts, "What the Gleaners and M Men expect of Life." "The Ideal Home Life," "The value of Education," "What the Arts Mean to Us," "A Fine Sense of Humor," and "Spirituality."

A vocal trio and a chorus was given by Gleaner Girls.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Altogether the members feel that the efforts they put forth were worth while.

Mrs. Laura Adamson is the Gleaner Teacher and the one who aided the Gleaners and M Men in making the affair a success.

## *To Our Young People*

As I sit meditating on the things as they are today
I offer up a little prayer in my most humble way:
Oh, grant us strength and courage; make us bold to face
And help to right the wrongs of old, make new things in their place.
Enlarge our mind and heart, help us to play a larger part
And grant us wisdom in our new found power
To keep our womanhood, the world's most precious dower.
Though further vistas beckon us today
To new paths which our daring feet may stray,
Let home ties bind us still, that we may have a stronger will
To do thy word, oh Lord, from day to day
And keep us in the straight and narrow way.

—*Blanche Roberts Alvey.*

"Cultivate good manners," says Orison Swett Marden in his book entitled The Power of Personality, "the manners founded on love and good will and finished by the rules of perfect breeding, and you will have a magnet that will draw all good things toward you. The beauty of which neither time nor accident can rob you; friends, popularity, happiness, the joy of making others happy—these are some of the fruits of good manners. And last, but not by any means least, material success, for, truly, 'the art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world'." Personality, therefore, consists of many little things as well as big characteristics. The way one walks, talks, shakes hands, or looks at you when you are conversing, play a very big part in this thing we call personality. "A pebble in the streamlet scant has turned the course of many a river; a dew-drop on the baby plant has warped the giant oak forever."

# GLEANER GIRLS

## *Notes*

LOOKING to the past is valuable only as it clarifies our understanding of the present, and gives inspiration for the future. In recording events in the History section of Treasures of Truth remember that we are making history every day, and that we should be recording that history today.

Over 4000 Treasure of Truth books are being compiled by Gleaners, and these should contain besides our gleanings from the unwritten history of the past, accurate accounts of events and movements that are influencing our lives today.

The committee who formulated the plan for Treasures of Truth give the following items of history concerning this Gleaner activity for your Treasure books:

The Gleaner project, Treasures of Truth, grew out of the marvelous spirit that permeated the Church when its 100 birthday was celebrated. 1930 was the Centennial year of the Church, and the great pageant, "The Message of the Ages," was being prepared with its quantities of lumber for the stage, and its yards and yards of material for the mammoth curtain. Crowds of people were coming night after night for weeks without a break to give their talent for the production.

The spirit of the time animated the Gleaner Committee. They were seeking a project which would awaken and preserve in the hearts of Gleaner Girls an appreciation of their heritage. The message of the M. I. A. Conference for June was "Onward With Mormon Ideals." The committee knew that tucked away in the lives and hearts of many of the immediate ancestors of the Gleaners were experiences and blessings that have come through the Gospel: stories of how their grandparents had come into the Church; who they were, where and when they lived, something of their families and their type of work and life in general, who brought the Gospel message to them, and when they received it, interesting incidents concerning their conversion, and the story of their emigration. The Committee thought of the Pioneers, and the children of Pioneers passing to the great beyond, and felt that if the stories of their deeds were not written an inspiring source of spiritual wealth would vanish with them from the earth.

At the next meeting the Gleaner committee decided to make the gathering and recording of these stories the Gleaner Project. The committee spent many meetings discussing how the idea should be presented to the field. It was decided that each Gleaner should make a permanent book where the material collected would have the source and attestation of facts with signatures, also that she should compile her pedigree chart and include it in her record. When the question of a name for the book was considered, Sister Higgs, the chairman, asked each member of the committee to bring as many names as possible to the next meeting. The names were read and the one suggested by Rachel G. Taylor, "Treasures of Truth," was chosen. The committee thought they were planning the project for one year, with only two evenings during that year devoted to it. The project grew faster than they dreamed, and Gleaner leaders asked that it be continued. The request was granted; the work was enlarged and it is now in its fourth year.

Emily H. Higgs, *Chairman.*
Grace C. Neslen,
Martha G. Smith,
Rachel G. Taylor,
*Gleaner Com.*, 1930-31.

## *Leaf From "Treasures of Truth" Book*

IN the spring of 1930 the Gleaner Committee decided to have as their sheaf, "I will gather Treasures of Truth."

I was appointed by the Chairman, Emily H. Higgs, to write for the Gleaner Manual an explanation of the project and the manner of carrying it forward. Knowing how interested Brother Archibald Bennett, Secretary of the Genealogical Society, was in all matters of research concerning our forefathers, I went to his office and asked him to read the material I had prepared. He expressed great pleasure that the M. I. A. was introducing this project in their program. In speaking of the genealogical chart he suggested that I see the picture pedigree chart which Miss Leah Yates of his office had placed in her Bee-Hive Scrap Book. Later the Gleaner Committee adopted her idea as part of their plan.

There have been many questions asked regarding the date of publication of *Treasures of Truth* and that of the *Book of Remembrance.* The instructions for compilation of *Treasures of Truth* were off the press for the June Conference, 1930. The *Book of Remembrance* first appeared Jan. 1, 1931.

Rachel G. Taylor.
Attested by A. F. Bennett.
Date, Feb. 24, 1934.

## *Gleaner Hat Party*

THE Gleaner Girls of Liberty Stake looked very quaint in their grotesque hats Wednesday evening, Dec. 6.

The party commenced with a delightful program consisting of community singing, cornet solos, vocal trios and readings, and continued with an hour or so of amusing table games.

The evening was climaxed by a grand march and the awarding of the prize to the wearer of the most unique hat of the evening, after which light refreshments were served.

## *My Treasure Trove of Truth*

*Lovingly Inscribed to the Gleaner Girls of M. I. A.*

*By Bertha A. Kleinman*

E'RE yet I pass betwixt the Sunset gates
And winter's snowy fingers halt my youth,
Let me a gleaner be while there awaits
The whited harvest with its sheaves of Truth.
Let me awake some heart to find its song,
Some muted string to find its melody,
Where tears are falling to the days go wrong,
There let me glean that harmony may be.
Let me enkindle some forgotten spark,
Some taper ray to glow where doubt has been,
Let mine a lantern be across the dark,
That someone straying may take heart again.
Thus let me share while in the grace of youth,
Some sheaf from out my Treasure-trove of Truth.

GLEANER HAT PARTY, LIBERTY STAKE

# VANGUARDS

## *Logan Wants Championships*

LOGAN has invited the Vanguards to hold the 4th annual vanball championships in that city. They will be held near the end of February, 1934. The committee has promised to give the invitation early consideration.

## *All-Church Vanball Finals Huge Success*

M MEN look to your laurels. Your younger brothers are coming to the front. In the past few years the M Men basketball tournament has been the outstanding athletic feature of the M. I. A. year. It has overshadowed all other events.

But now the Vanguards want a share of the limelight. And they are getting it. The third annual vanball finals held in Salt Lake February 23 and 24 indicated the rapidly increasing interest in this new sport and in the Vanguard program in general.

Eight splendid vanball teams representing the seven Scout councils—two teams coming from Salt Lake council—entered the finals after winning their championships in the local districts and councils. While only three years old this ideal game for growing youth has come into its own as a competitive sport. Players and spectators alike joined in acclaiming this new activity.

Emigration Ward, 1933 champions and runners-up in 1932, again won the vanball championship of the Church. Ephraim North Ward, 1932 champions and runners-up last year were crowded down to fourth place. Rexburg First Ward, competing for the second time made a gallant bid for first honors and ended in third place.

The keenest competition of the tournament was between Emigration Ward and Logan Fifth Ward. These teams met twice and each meeting was a battle. Emigration, by reason of more experience and smoother team work, not to mention greater height, won each time. Grant, Pocatello Fifth, Kaysville and Benjamin teams showed real sportsmanship but require more experience and practice.

The order of finish in the tournament was as follows:

Fisrt place, Emigration Ward,. Liberty Stake, Salt Lake Council; second place, Logan Fifth Ward, Cache Stake, Cache Valley Council; third place, Rexburg First Ward, Fremont Stake, Teton Peaks Council; fourth place, Ephraim North Ward, South Sanpete Stake, Bryce Canyon Council; fifth place, Grant Ward, Cottonwood Stake, Salt Lake Council; sixth place, Pocatello Fifth Ward, Pocatello Stake, Eastern Idaho Council; seventh place, Kaysville Ward, North Davis Stake, Ogden Gateway Council; eighth place, Benjamin Ward, Nebo Stake, Timpanogos Council.

## *Salt Lake Council Vanguard Roundup*

SIX hundred Vanguards and their leaders gathered at South High School for the annual Vanguard roundup, February 15. The roundup was a part of the Scout anniversary celebration. Fourteen districts competed in vanball council finals, baseball throw for accuracy, potato relay race, running high kick and series relay races. Preceding the athletic events there were special numbers including a Vanguard chorus of 60 voices under Professor J. Spencer Cornwall singing songs arranged by Professor Cornwall especially for young men's voices, a dramatization of the Vanguard traditions and a demonstration of archery.

Preparations are now being made for the annual track meet and the council preliminaries in the Church-wide archery championships to be held in Salt Lake during the June conference.

## *Canadian Vanguards Make Progress*

VANGUARDS of Lethbridge, Taylor and Alberta stakes in Canada are forging ahead with the program which was adopted for the first time last fall. In Taylor Stake there are five Vanguard troops. Archery is being featured. A tri-stake Vanguard meet will be held shortly in which there will be competition in first aid, archery, vanball and retold story.

A leadership training course for Vanguard leaders was conducted during the first week in March by Commissioner Backman of Edmonton, Provincial Scout Commissioner. The report from the Canadian stakes indicates that the Aaronic Priesthood correlation plan has aided greatly in bringing about Vanguard activity.

VANBALL TEAMS, COACHES, LEADERS AND OFFICIALS AT THE THIRD ANNUAL VANBALL TOURNAMENT, FEB 23 AND 24, 1934, SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM. PLAYERS WITH "E" SWEATERS ARE EMIGRATION WARD PLAYERS, ALL-CHURCH CHAMPIONS, 1933-34

# JUNIOR GIRLS

## *Course of Study: Building a Life*

### READING OF SCRIPTURES

SCRIPTURAL utterances and records are of greater importance than other literature, for they include religious laws, prophecies, events and principles as well as drama, poetry, history and story material. Years ago there was little to obtain in the way of reading matter, and young people, thirsting to read, turned to the Scriptures and found there that for which they were longing.

Today the stands and libraries and shops are overflowing with books and magazines, with papers and treatises, and the great difficulty of every girl is to choose what she will read. Many books have such attractive covers: others bear fascinating titles; still others look airy because of the wealth of quotation marks and exclamation points on the printed pages. And religious works look so hard, and long and closely printed! Naturally it takes more than passing fancy to lead one to these heavy volumes in preference to light, colorful ones.

But to get into the books of Scripture is to discover a new treasure-house. Not every girl will enjoy such reading at first, especially when she has been acclimated to the style and form and emptiness of True Story magazines and the like. But the time and interest she has given to these other valueless things, transferred to the reality of the Bible and Book of Mormon, will lead her into the storehouse where experiences will be new and astonishing, and afterthoughts growth-giving and glowing.

Why not try yourselves out, Junior Girls? Long have you been chained to the teething-rings of magazines and novels; see what you can do with real meat. As a test of your intelligence, your perseverence, your determination to succeed in a somewhat formidable undertaking, set yourselves so much time a day to read the Scriptures, for a certain number of weeks. At the end of that time, if you have learned to understand and love at least part of what you have read, you can rightfully consider yourself superior to the girl you were before.

### THE SABBATH DAY

We are told in the Bible that six days of each week are ours for labor, and in which to do the things we need and wish to do, but the seventh is the Lord's day. The fact that this has been reaffirmed in the present century by modern prophets makes the truth of the statement all the more unquestionable. What can be done to make it really His day?

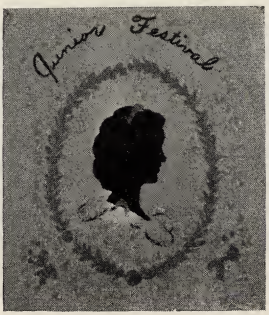
What would a girl want done on a day set apart especially for her? She would want her family and friends to do only such things as would include her and as would tend to keep their thoughts on her and their devotion directed toward her. She would want a dinner in her honor; an afternoon cleared of other responsibilities and interests, and an evening in which she would figure prominently. She would not think it fair if those she cared for left her out of their plans for the day, would she?

What does she consider fair to the Lord on His day? Ask the girls to consider it from a standpoint of justice, and see what they might do to observe the day which is the Lord thy God's.

If they read, what sort of thing would tend to keep their minds on the sacredness of the day? Discuss the matter of reading sensational stories in which love and crime figure chiefly. Is that the Lord's sort of literature?

If they visit family members or friends, what manner of association should it be? Is light laughter and boisterousness appropriate to this day?

If they go for walks, what effect might they gain from a consideration of all the wonders which are the result of His planning? "The groves were God's first Temples," the poet tells us; and from that line many have concluded that no other temples are necessary in which to worship. But the poet goes on: "* * * ere man learned to hew and arch and shape the architrave." Since other buildings have been erected to the worship of God, we need not depend upon the groves to furnish our only locality for religious service.




SAN FRANCISCO STAKE PLACE-CARDS

What of moving pictures for the Sabbath? Name the number of pictures you can recall having seen throughout your entire life which could keep your mind on sacred things; which would honor the Lord on His day. Discuss the serenity of spirit which comes with quietness; the triumph which attends obedience.

Try to encourage a project for a month in which the girls will give the Lord's day its full due and sincerely try to find in its observance the "peace which passeth understanding."

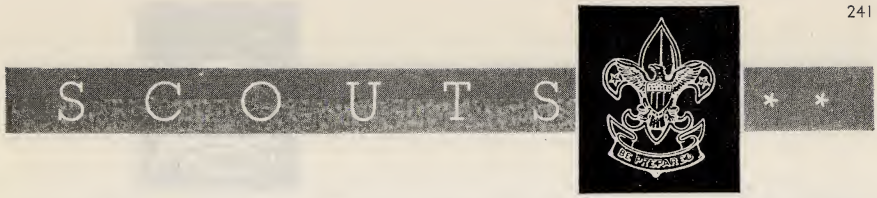
## *San Francisco Stake Junior Festival*

THIS year the Festival is to be held in the beautiful dining room of the Lake Merritt Hotel, which overlooks Lake Merritt—a setting that is lovely and romantic. The place cards will be balloons of various colors (to indicate the wards) attached to the chairs with silver and gold cords and bearing the names written on the balloons. The flowers of course, will be roses, and I think it would be very hard to say which is most beautiful, the girls themselves or the roses. I'm terribly proud of our lovely girls out here.

We had anticipated having about eighty at the festival, but there are now nearly 125 reservations and the event promises to be a real social event of the season, as not only the Junior Girls are counting the days, but a great many of the ward officers and other members of the stake have asked for invitations. Our Festival last year is probably the drawing card as it was an outstanding success, although of an entirely different nature.

The program is unusually fine, I think. It is snappy and up to date. I think our girls are a little more mature than you give them credit for back there. We are starting the program off with community singing—the very latest songs—or at least the ones which are most popular now, "My Little Hut in Hawaii," "The Old Spinning Wheel," "The Flying Trapese," etc. Then between courses and following the dinner the program consists of a Pirate Dance, several musical numbers, dances, readings, etc. The play, "Plains to Cross" which the girls like very much and I'm sure you'd be pleased with their presentation, an operetta, "Cinderella," and other special numbers which are to be surprises even to me. The girls are very secretive about them but from their smiles, it must be good. Sincerely,

Eloise Sims.




## *The Boy, His Nature and His Needs*

*By Philo T. Farnsworth*

### No. III—Puberty and Middle Adolescence

Editor's Comment: This is the third of a series of articles being written to acquaint "Leaders of Boys" with the best information and source material available on the subject of the growth and factors of development of the adolescent boy.

IN this discussion we shall attempt to present a clearer understanding of the nature of the boy who is entering the period of adolescence. We shall deal with the boy at puberty and the period of from three to four years following sexual maturity which is known as middle adolescence.

As has been stated in an earlier article of this series puberty is the initial stage of that period of growth known as adolsecence. Puberty is the time of sexual maturity and is the earliest age at which a person is capable of begetting or bearing a child. In terms of approximate years this period of growth extends for youths from about twelve years of age to fifteen or sixteen years of age. For maidens it is from about eleven to about fifteen years of age. The intervening years from fifteen to about seventeen or eighteen are commonly called middle adolescence.

Physically the boy who is entering the public stage is growing very rapidly. Davenport states in summing up the general trends in growth from the pre-adolescent through the adolescent period: "One notes that, in the male, the velocity of growth in stature diminishes from birth to ten and a half years; then rises slowly to eleven and a half; rather more rapidly to twelve and a half years; and still more rapidly to a maximum at fourteen and a half years. The velocity thereafter falls rapidly to twenty-one years." The effect of a rapid increase in stature taken with the adolescent ratio of increase in muscle tissue makes for awkwardness or lack of muscular coordination.

The features change markedly; the length of trunk and the size of head assume more of the proportion that is maintained in adulthood.

At six the child's heart weighs approximately four to five times what it did at birth. At twelve it weighs roughly seven times as much. At seventeen to eighteen, the heart has increased in size to about twelve times what it was at birth. Cardiac and valvular disease may develop if strain and fatigue persist in the physical schedule of the adolescent boy.

In the sexual development of the boy entering puberty we have indicated what happens. Research has demonstrated that the sex glands become mature and start their function of secreting certain hormones as well as the sperms which have the power of procreation. In consequence of the functioning of these glands certain psychic (mental) and somatic (tissue) changes characteristic of adolescent development take place. The secondary sex characteristics appear; the voice changes, hair grows on certain parts of the body; the "whiskers" appear. It is common to find vitality and energy alternating with languor.

The mental traits which seem in evidence are many and varied. There are strong impulses to do great things. There is a keen and creative imagination with an alert curiosity. Reason is developing but there exists a high degree of suggestibility.

The boy may be moody; at times highly elated and at others low in spirit and despondent. Pride and anger are intensified but under better control than in previous years.

Socially the boy longs for friendship and the "gang" spirit is strong with self-assertion and a spirit of leadership manifesting itself. The boy has not yet shown much concern in the opposite sex.

In his moral and ethical development the boy should have made certain growth. In normal situations he will recognize the sacredness of life; of motherhood and fatherhood and the sacredness of the body as the temple of womanhood and manhood. His sensibilities will be quickened and he manifests certain theological convictions but seeks reasons for belief and practice.

This is the typical boy of "Scout Age." This is the boy whose urges and impulses must be understood and when rightly interpreted and presented to him finds exceeding joy in the great scouting game.

There is no hard and fast line of demarcation between the period known as middle adolescence and that known as puberty or early adolescence, however, certain characteristics seem in evidence.

Physically the boy in the ages between fifteen and seventeen or eighteen possesses a body that is barely grown. The greatest ratio between the relation of muscular tissue to the rest of the body structure from infancy to adulthood occurs at the fifteenth to sixteenth year in boys. Thus we find the boys for the most part lacking in muscular coordination which takes several years to acquire. We find, too, that bodily impulses are growing much stronger and there is a conscious endeavor for the mind to assume control over a body that does not always respond as desired.

On the intellectual side we find initiation on the decline with reason asserting itself and there exists greater activity in thinking which leads to more independence with doubts becoming stronger.

Altrustic emotions are strong and there are boundless enthusiasms manifest. The boy is highly sensitive to slights from older people and he longs for sympathy and understanding. He may become secretive and seclusive, in which event he needs understanding to give him a proper social outlook. The "gang" has generally been replaced by the pal.

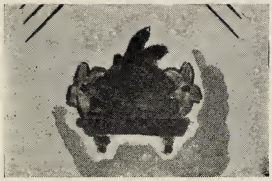
Morally the youth in middle adolescence has experienced an awakening: he can no longer be classed as unmoral. His is not definitely and positively moral or ethical either, but he certainly is not immoral and unethical. He is developing and bringing a thoughtful mind to bear upon the things he observes. He is able to reach logical (or near logical) conclusions and has acquired a tendency to order his actions in the light of his conclusions.

In his social life the boy of this age is quite conscious of the femininity of his girl classmate and has a desire to associate with her. The girl in turn reciprocates the wish for association. We thus see that middle adolescence is not only an age of sex consciousness but is marked by reciprocal sex attraction.

To understand the nature of this boy in his middle "teens" or middle adolescence-stage of development is a real challenge to leaders of boys. This is the boy for whom the "Sea Scout" and "Vanguard" programs were made and in these programs are to be found excellent applications to his nature and needs.

In the instruction of this boy the fundamental principle to keep in mind is that the instruction shall be "idealistic, positive and constructive—not negative, morbid or fearful."

# BEE HIVE GIRLS



## *Business*

THE BEE-KEEPER'S SERVICE PIN

Price 50c

TO wear this pin, Bee-Keepers must serve three consecutive years, complete both ranks, earn seven Bee Lines and Merit Badges and take the test.

The tests have been prepared by the Young Ladies' General Bee-Hive Committee and will be sent upon application.

METHOD

1. The Stake Young Ladies' President is asked to conduct the test for stake Bee-Keepers, and return the examination paper to the General Board for correction, together with a statement giving the number of years service rendered.

Address: Y. L. M. I. A., 33 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City.

The papers will be corrected and returned.

2. After the Stake Bee-Keepers have taken their tests, they may conduct an examination of Ward Bee-Keepers, when application is made, using the same questions.

3. The Stake Bee-Keepers may correct the ward papers.

4. Stake Bee-Keepers must certify that Ward Bee-Keepers have met all requirements.

EQUIPMENT

Have you a room suitable for your Bee-Hive program? It should contain cupboards which may be locked; a table and chairs which may be moved. Such a room can be made very attractive. In one far-off ward the girls used a fine woven burlap, decorating it with wool embroidered symbols, for their drapes, table covers and chair seats.

Is your ward bishopric Bee-Hive conscious? In one ward the Bee-Keeper asked the Bishop to build a room for the Bee-Hive Girls, similar to the Boy Scouts room when the chapel was being constructed. Another ward removed a partition to make a suitable room.

## *Thoughts for Bee-Keepers*

TO be a successful teacher you must be a willing student. Let your students drink from a running stream and not a stagnant pool.

Class control is dependent mainly on the self control of the teacher. Self-control is based principally upon personality and preparedness.

A well planned Guide may be likened to a wheel. It has a hub thought, each point of the Guide is fitted into this hub like a spoke, and all the points are connected together into a well rounded whole.

The test of leadership is followship and the final test, the kind of pupils which come out of it. Your swarm is a looking glass and will give back to you the reflection of his own image. God also knows when we are in the process of perfecting, when He sees within us the reflection of His Spirit.

May every soul that touches mine
Be it but the slightest contact,
Get there from some good, some little grace,
One kindly thought, one inspiration yet unfelt;
One bit of courage for the darkening skies;
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists;
To make this life worth while and heaven a surer heritage.

## *From the Field*

FRIEDA PENFOLD writes that the little girls of the Orthopedic Hospital in Lincoln, Nebraska, are enjoying their Bee-Hive work. They are all active and looking forward to meetings. They have 22 members.

These little girls though all crippled in some way are happily filling cells. We know that all of you will join us in sending greetings and best wishes to them.

## *God's Emotions*

*By Lael Woolsey (Age 14)*

THROUGH a little canyon-valley
Runs a stream,
Rippling over stones, and sparkling
All agleam.
And gleefully it laughs, all merrily
O'er mountain sod,
And the sweet sound is echoed back again
By voice of God.
On the mighty roaring ocean,
Hurricane
Whips the wavelets into mountains;
Through the rain
It rumbles, roars, and beats 'gainst reefs,
As if to laud
The splendid, awful-to-behold
Anger of God.

The glorious sun then shines forth brightly
As before,
And a lovely rainbow seems to promise
Storm no more;
A little breeze wafts sweet perfume
The flowers have sent,
And over all is heavenly peace,—
When God's content.

Now the sky is grayly darkened
By a cloud,
And a misty fog envelops all,
As in a shroud.
And the raindrops patter ceaselessly,
Mourning the bad;
—E'en as His eyes must overflow
When God is sad.

Singing to his mate his love-song,
Trills a bird;
Bees kiss lightly fragrant flowers, as
The sound is heard.
A Youth and Maiden, side by side,
Smile up above;
And God smiles back, and loves them, too—
For God *is* Love.

## *A Call to the Hive*

*By Pearl Furner Forsey, Tintic Stake Bee Keeper*

ARE you ready, my dear little Bee-Hive Girl,
To go out on your morning flight?
To the fields that are ready and waiting for you,
The fields of joy and strife.
The honey you find may not all seem sweet,
But test it, and try it again.
Mix it with love and patience and time,
Then you'll find the sweetness sublime.

Then all day long, little Bee-Hive Girl,
As you gather in the field of life,
Don't pass by a needy cry;
The privilege of service is there,
Dear God perhaps, has sent that need,
To trust within your care.

Your wings are your efforts to me, little Bee;
Transparent, and all fringed in gold;
And the honey you gather is not hid away,
It beams in your soft lovely face,
And down in your breasts, a happiness rests,
You are filled with the spirit of love.
You are glad for that life of joy and strife;
You are glad you're a Bee-Hive Girl.

# Little Jeff

(Continued from page 203)

ahead over the comical white patch, while he whined his desire for further instructions.

It all had to be done over. Patiently old Mike renewed the waving of his arm, and the plea for the dog to "go 'way 'roun' heem."

The little dog raced up the edge of the drift as far as he could see the herder. He bounced up and down and occasionally vented a sharp staccato bark. He could see no sheep, and he wanted to go back to Mike. But that wavering voice and arm were steadily urging him on, and at the very bottom of his doggish nature was the desire to please.

Then suddenly, from above him on the ridge he heard the discordant jangle of bells.

The sheep were plunging down the mountainside in a wild, pell-mell stampede. Something had given them a start, and their instinct was taking them straight down the steep slope of the ridge. They would assuredly wind up at camp.

WHILE the stampede passed Jeff stood and watched. Then, as he turned to return to old Mike his keen little eyes discovered a bunch of the herd that had not been in the stampede. Instead, they were milling wildly right on the top of the overhanging comb of the great drift. But the thing that sent little Jeff's hackles erect like the spines of a porcupine was the sight of the gaunt, gray form of an enormous she-wolf.

The wolf was an old one, and her freshly suckled lugs were long and flabby. Her fur was rough and uneven, and her bony, protruding hips betrayed her famished condition. She it was that had started the stampede, but she had cut off fully a fourth of the herd, and she was wise enough to try to force them down over the drift, close to where her five whimpering pups lay in their earthy den. From where he stood Little Jeff could see her bloody, slavering jaws.

The efforts of the frantic ewes to get by the slavering menace were in vain. They were crowded out to the very lip of the drift.

The wife wolf didn't rush in to kill. Had she done so the sheep might have parted around her and most of them escaped. With devilish cunning she raged back and forth, until suddenly the rotten overhang of the drift broke under the weight of the sheep, and the whole bunch plunged to the bottom in a white smother.

Long before the loosened snow had ceased to fly the she-wolf was among the helpless woollies. Now, unmolested, she was able to gratify her insane lust to kill. With a mighty pounce she was upon a victim, her terrible fangs striking at the jugular. Then, as the animal went down she ripped and tore at its vitals in fiendish delight.

Little Jeff hadn't stirred. But when sheep and wolf disappeared from his sight, as though obliterated by a mighty unseen hand, something drew him upward.

At his first glance he saw several ewes moaning feebly, while their life blood crimsoned the freshly broken snow. He wasn't much of a sheep dog, but he knew what ought to be done, if he didn't know how to do it. And the first law of the sheep dog is protection of the herd from predatory marauders. Mike wasn't here, but he knew that this red carnage ought to be stopped.

For a second he stood poised upon the broken lip of the drift, and then with a belligerent yip he hurled himself downward.

He was in the air when the blood-crazed wolf first sighted him. She paused and pivoted upon her hind legs. Her greenish eyes flamed. Wool torn from her last victim protruded from the corners of her mouth. Jeff landed in the powdery broken snow and disappeared from sight. He shut his eyes as the snow eddied over his head, and when he struck bottom he began to paw furiously to get himself out of the hole he had made.

As his comical head came above the snow he saw the monster glaring at him from a distance of four feet. For all that she had sunk into the snow until her belly dragged the crust she looked as huge as a mountain.

That moment the little sheep dog looked death in the face. His enemy could have slain him as easily as she had any one of the sheep. Had Jeff turned back or shown fear he would have died that instant. Instead, he jerked his feet under him, bared his small sharp teeth, and a snarl of defiance rumbled from his throat.

The wolf hesitated. Her fiery eyes sought the top of the drift. Perhaps it was incomprehensible to her that so insignificant an animal would have dared challenge her supremacy unsupported by man. She remembered that her pups were but a short distance away, and if a man did arrive they would be in danger.

Her fetid, blood-hot breath enveloped the defiant little dog like a vapor. Then with a rumbling, warning snarl she turned and bolted for the underbrush.

LITTLE JEFF pulled himself out of the drift, shook the snow from his short hair, and wagged his tail. He had put this mighty antagonist to route, and he was pleased with himself. He made a little run toward the sheep, and they fled before him along the lower side of the drift. Not knowing what else to do Jeff followed.

Jeff had finally left the other little bunch because they refused to move, but this bunch was moving, and thought of deserting them didn't enter his head. Perhaps he felt that the killer might return, and they would need his valiant protection. He knew that they should be got back to join the main herd, because Mike had sent him around them, but there was no way that he could see to make them climb that drift.

On along the drift the bunch continued to move, with the dog at their heels. There were other drifts to cross, but it had been freezing now for several hours, and the crust would hold them up. Stars twinkled frostily overhead, and a new moon rode the western sky. It was indescribably lonely, and as he trotted close to the heels of his charges Jeff whimpered his fear and distress. Nor could he keep from looking constantly back over his shoulder. Every sound that he heard caused his skin to prickle, and his short black hair to stand rigidly erect. He wanted to climb that drift and run madly to camp, but old Mike had taught him that the sheep should be at camp at night, and it was his duty to stay with them till they got there.

They at last were down off the end of the main ridge onto a great flat covered with snow. Suddenly there came a lone, piteous bleat of

(Continued on page 245)

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# M. I. A. Accomplishments, January, 1934

| STAKES | No. Wards in Stake | No. Wards Reporting | No. Wards working to increase membership | No. Wards whose avg. attendance is 2/3 or more of their enrollment | No. Wards having completed plans for lessons and activities to date | No. Wards having conducted their once a month special program in all departments for: | | | No. Wards conducting Gold and Green Ball | No. Wards holding Sun. Five Hundred Party | No. Wards having used "Era" Program |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Y.M. Y.L. | Y.M. Y.L. | Y.M. Y.L. | Y.M. Y.L. | Y.M. | Y.L. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. | | | |
| Alberta | 12 | ..... 6 | ..... 5 | ..... 5 | ..... | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | * | 4 | 4 |
| Alpine | 6 | 4 6 | 4 6 | 1 6 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 3 |
| Bannock | 9 | 8 8 | 8 8 | 4 5 | 8 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | * | 7 | 7 |
| Bear Lake | 11 | 6 11 | 5 11 | 3 6 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 3 | 10 | 10 |
| Bear River | 12 | 9 12 | 8 10 | 5 7 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 12 | 10 |
| Beaver | 6 | ..... 4 | ..... 3 | ..... 4 | ..... | 3 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Bingham | 14 | 12 14 | 12 14 | 8 7 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 14 | 11 | 5 |
| Big Horn | 6 | 3 5 | 3 5 | 1 2 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 4 | * | 5 | 5 |
| Blackfoot | 13 | 6 11 | 6 10 | 2 7 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 8 | * | 10 | 9 |
| Blaine | 8 | 4 ..... | 3 ..... | ..... ..... | 2 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 1 | 4 | 4 |
| Boise | 11 | 8 ..... | 1 7 | ..... 4 | ..... | 7 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 7 |
| Box Elder | 14 | ..... 14 | ..... 13 | ..... 10 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 11 | * | 14 | 13 |
| Burley | 9 | 9 6 | 9 5 | 8 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | * | 8 | 5 |
| Cache | 8 | 8 7 | 8 7 | 6 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | * | 7 | 4 |
| Carbon | 13 | ..... 10 | ..... 10 | ..... 8 | ..... | 6 | 3 | 3 | 4 | * | 8 | 6 |
| Cassia | 5 | ..... 4 | ..... 4 | ..... 2 | ..... | 4 | ..... | ..... | 1 | * | 4 | 4 |
| Cottonwood | 10 | 7 10 | 7 10 | 2 6 | 6 | 10 | 9 | 10 | 10 | * | 10 | 4 |
| Curlew | 7 | 5 6 | 1 4 | 5 1 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | ..... | 5 | 5 |
| Deseret | 12 | 10 9 | 10 9 | 6 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 7 |
| East Jordan | 11 | ..... 11 | ..... 11 | ..... 5 | ..... | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | * | 10 | 6 |
| Emery | 10 | 3 9 | 3 9 | 1 5 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 4 | 4 | * | 6 | 6 |
| Ensign | 8 | 8 ..... | 8 ..... | ..... 8 | ..... | ..... | 5 | 5 | 5 | * | 8 | 6 |
| Franklin | 11 | 7 11 | 7 9 | 3 6 | 5 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 6 | * | 11 | 9 |
| Fremont | 14 | ..... 14 | ..... 14 | ..... 9 | ..... | 12 | 11 | 12 | 9 | 14 | 14 | 14 |
| Garfield | 8 | 7 7 | 5 7 | 1 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 4 |
| Granite | 10 | 10 10 | 10 9 | 6 5 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 10 | * | 9 | ..... |
| Grant | 7 | ..... 7 | ..... ..... | ..... 2 | ..... | 6 | 3 | 3 | 3 | * | 7 | 5 |
| Gunnison | 7 | ..... 4 | ..... 4 | ..... 2 | ..... | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | ..... | 4 | 4 |
| Hollywood | 14 | 14 12 | 6 11 | 8 8 | 11 | 11 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 7 | 11 | 10 |
| Hyrum | 10 | 6 ..... | 5 ..... | 3 ..... | 6 | ..... | 4 | 5 | 4 | ..... | 6 | 3 |
| Idaho | 7 | 3 4 | 3 4 | ..... 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Idaho Falls | 13 | 10 13 | 10 13 | 4 9 | 8 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 4 | 12 | 10 |
| Juab | 5 | 3 5 | 2 5 | 1 3 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| Kanab | 7 | ..... 4 | ..... 2 | ..... 3 | ..... | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Kolob | 6 | 2 6 | 2 6 | 1 3 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 |
| Lehi | 6 | 5 5 | 5 5 | 2 3 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | * | 5 | 4 |
| Liberty | 12 | ..... 12 | ..... 12 | ..... 12 | ..... | 10 | 12 | 12 | 12 | * | 11 | 5 |
| Logan | 11 | 11 11 | 11 11 | 8 7 | 10 | 11 | 7 | 9 | 8 | * | 11 | 6 |
| Los Angeles | 12 | 10 12 | 10 12 | 3 5 | 10 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 11 | * | 12 | 10 |
| Lost River | 5 | 4 ..... | 4 ..... | 2 ..... | 2 | ..... | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| Lyman | 8 | 5 6 | 5 6 | 4 5 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 5 |
| Malad | 7 | 6 6 | 6 6 | 2 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| Maricopa | 10 | 10 9 | 10 9 | 7 7 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 8 | 8 | * | 8 | 6 |
| Millard | 7 | ..... 4 | ..... 4 | ..... 4 | ..... | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Minidoka | 8 | 7 7 | 6 7 | 1 1 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 2 | * | 7 | 5 |
| Moapa | 11 | 9 8 | 8 8 | 4 4 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 6 |
| Montpelier | 14 | ..... 9 | ..... 9 | ..... 5 | ..... | 6 | 8 | 8 | 8 | * | 9 | 8 |
| Morgan | 8 | 5 ..... | 5 ..... | 4 ..... | 4 | ..... | 2 | 2 | 1 | * | 5 | 3 |
| Moroni | ..... | ..... ..... | ..... 5 | ..... 2 | ..... | 5 | 2 | 2 | 3 | * | 4 | 4 |
| Mt. Ogden | 8 | 7 6 | 7 5 | 5 5 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 3 |
| Nebo | 9 | ..... 9 | ..... 9 | ..... ..... | ..... | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | * | 9 | 9 |
| Nevada | 6 | 5 6 | 5 6 | 3 6 | 3 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | * | 6 | 6 |
| North Davis | 7 | 6 7 | 5 7 | 3 6 | 4 | 7 | 5 | 6 | 6 | * | 7 | 5 |
| North Sanpete | 6 | 4 6 | 4 6 | 3 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| North Sevier | 4 | ..... 4 | ..... 4 | ..... ..... | ..... | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | * | ** | ** |
| North Weber | 14 | 13 12 | 13 12 | 8 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 8 | 6 | 4 | 12 | 10 |
| Ogden | 12 | ..... 12 | ..... 12 | ..... 9 | ..... | 10 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 5 | 12 | 6 |
| Oneida | 10 | 9 10 | 9 10 | 4 6 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 10 | 10 |
| Oquirrh | 6 | 5 6 | 4 6 | 2 5 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 6 | * | 6 | ..... |
| Palmyra | 9 | 6 9 | 6 9 | 1 9 | 4 | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | * | 9 | 8 |
| Pangratch | 6 | ..... 5 | ..... 5 | ..... 1 | ..... | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 4 |
| Pioneer | 11 | ..... 11 | ..... 11 | ..... 5 | ..... | 9 | 8 | 8 | 8 | * | 11 | 6 |
| Pocatello | 10 | ..... 10 | ..... 10 | ..... 5 | ..... | 8 | 9 | 9 | 8 | * | 10 | 10 |
| Portneuf | 9 | 6 ..... | 6 ..... | 4 ..... | 4 | ..... | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 6 |
| Raft River | 4 | 4 4 | 4 4 | 4 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| Rigby | 13 | 10 6 | 10 6 | 5 3 | 8 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 6 |
| Roosevelt | 9 | ..... 5 | ..... 4 | ..... 3 | 1 | ..... | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| Salt Lake | 13 | 7 13 | 6 13 | 6 7 | 3 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | * | 9 |
| San Francisco | 13 | ..... 6 | ..... 5 | ..... 5 | ..... | 5 | 3 | 3 | 3 | ..... | 6 | 4 |
| San Juan | 3 | ..... 3 | ..... 3 | ..... 2 | ..... | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | ..... | 3 | 3 |
| San Luis | 3 | ..... 3 | ..... 2 | ..... ..... | ..... | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | * | 3 | 3 |
| Sevier | 8 | ..... 8 | ..... 8 | ..... 6 | ..... | 7 | 4 | 4 | 3 | * | 7 | 6 |
| Shelley | 9 | 7 8 | 7 7 | 3 4 | 4 | 7 | 5 | 5 | 4 | * | 7 | 5 |
| Sharon | 7 | 4 7 | 3 7 | 1 6 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | ..... | 7 | 6 |
| Snowflake | 11 | 6 10 | 5 8 | 2 6 | 6 | 9 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 9 | 8 |
| South Davis | 8 | ..... 8 | ..... 8 | ..... 6 | ..... | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | * | 8 | 2 |
| South Sanpete | 7 | 7 6 | 6 6 | 5 3 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 2 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 2 |
| South Sevier | 8 | 7 7 | 6 6 | 2 4 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | * | 5 | 3 |
| Star Valley | 11 | 9 11 | 9 10 | 3 5 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 7 | * | 11 | 11 |
| St. George | 10 | ..... 7 | ..... 7 | ..... 6 | ..... | 7 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 2 |
| St. Johns | 5 | 2 4 | 2 3 | 1 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | * | 4 | 3 |
| St. Joseph | 15 | 6 8 | 5 8 | 2 3 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 | * | 4 | 3 |
| Summit | 14 | 6 11 | 6 11 | 1 6 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 1 | 10 | 7 |
| Taylor | 6 | 4 5 | 4 4 | 2 1 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| Timpanogos | 6 | 5 ..... | 5 ..... | ..... ..... | 5 | ..... | 1 | ..... | ..... | ..... | 4 | 2 |
| Tintic | 7 | 4 4 | 3 4 | 3 1 | 1 | 3 | ..... | 1 | ..... | 1 | 4 | 4 |
| Tooele | 11 | ..... 7 | ..... 7 | ..... 6 | ..... | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 5 |
| Twin Falls | 4 | ..... 4 | ..... 4 | ..... 1 | ..... | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | ..... | 4 |
| Uintah | 10 | 7 9 | 6 8 | 4 5 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | * | 9 | 8 |
| Union | 5 | 5 5 | 4 4 | 3 1 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | * | 5 | 5 |
| Utah | 9 | ..... 9 | ..... 9 | ..... 5 | ..... | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | ..... | 9 | 7 |
| Wasatch | 9 | ..... 9 | ..... 9 | ..... 7 | ..... | 8 | 9 | 7 | 8 | * | 8 | 8 |

# M. I. A. Accomplishments, January, 1934

| STAKES | No. Wards in Stake | No. Wards Reporting | | No. Wards working to increase membership | | No. Wards whose avg. attendance is 2/3 or more of their enrollment | | No. Wards having completed class discussions and activities to date | | No. Wards having conducted their once a month social program in all departments for: | | | No. Wards conducting Gold and Green Ball | No. Wards holding Sun. Eve. Joint Sess. for Jan. | No. Wards having used "Era" Program |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Y.M. | Y.L. | Y.M. | Y.L. | Y.M. | Y.L. | Y.M. | Y.L. | Nov. | Dec. | Jan. | | | |
| Weber | 9 | 9 | ..... | 9 | ..... | 4 | ..... | 6 | ..... | 5 | 5 | 7 | * | 8 | 5 |
| West Jordan | 8 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | * | 5 | 5 |
| Woodruff | 5 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| Yellowstone | 10 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 8 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 9 | 5 |
| Young | 5 | ..... | 2 | ..... | 2 | ..... | 1 | ..... | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | ..... | 2 | 2 |
| Zion Park | 7 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 2 | 6 | 6 |
| Wells | 7 | ..... | 7 | ..... | 7 | ..... | 2 | ..... | 7 | 6 | 5 | 6 | * | 7 | 5 |
| Calif. Mis. | 47 | 31 | 40 | 30 | 38 | 21 | 24 | 24 | 29 | 27 | 26 | 31 | 32 | 37 | 28 |
| Eastern States | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 2 |
| Northwestern Sts. Mis. | ..... | ..... | ..... | 16 | 16 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 13 |
| No. Central Sts. Mis... | 6 | 3 | ..... | 3 | ..... | 3 | ..... | 3 | ..... | 2 | 2 | 2 | ..... | 1 | 2 |
| Northern Sts. Mission.. | 22 | 13 | ..... | 13 | ..... | 12 | ..... | 11 | ..... | 8 | 9 | 9 | 22 | 9 | 4 |
| Hawaiian Mission | 28 | 15 | ..... | 12 | ..... | 9 | ..... | 9 | ..... | 10 | 10 | 11 | 28 | 11 | 7 |

*Stake
**Stake Conference.

a few days, after Lon had told them of seeing the wolf near his herd.

The men had heard old Mike's feeble shouts and got him to camp just after sundown. He was too exhausted to move, even had he not had a sprained ankle.

"Some lammies dey gone, an' my pop, Jaff, ess breeng heem back," old Mike declared confidently. "My leeg she don' mooch matter, but Lon Enright she no can

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## Little Jeff

(Continued from page 243)

a lost sheep back up the flat. It was answered by some of the ewes in Jeff's band, and the leaders turned of their own accord and made their way over the gleaming, moon-drenched snow to where that bleat had come from.

Presently they came to the place where the first runaway bunch had bogged down. Those animals had finally extricated themselves and got onto a bare ridge. It was their bleating Jeff had heard.

The two bunches came together, but now Jeff had oriented himself, and he kept them moving. Somewhere, back along those ridges was old Mike and the rest of the herd. Whenever a ewe lagged she felt his sharp teeth nipping at her haunches. The crust was now hard enough to hold them up.

FROM the main ridge-top drifted a mournful, undulating howl which made the little dog's flesh creep. He knew that it was the she-wolf celebrating her kill, or mourning because of the victims that had escaped her fury.

And others besides Jeff had heard that weird, eerie cry of the she-wolf. At the camp were two trappers employed by the big Nallin outfit, and old Mike. The trappers had been hired for the express purpose of capturing the lone wolf which had caused the loss of hundreds of sheep. Meeting Lon Enright on his way home they had decided to camp with old Mike for

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afford to loosa da lammies. You wait till de poppy coom back."

"Yore little old dog has prob'ly been about one gulp for that old wolf we're after," one of the trappers opined.

That night they heard the wolf howling, and one trapper nudged the other. "Take it from me, her den ain't far off."

Shortly afterward they heard the tinkling of sheep bells. They stepped hastily outside the tent, and to their astonishment they saw three hundred sheep trailing into the camp-ground. And behind them, tail waving proudly as he nipped the malingerers came a little black dog with a comical patch over one eye. One of them leaped back to tell old Mike.

"I tell Lon dat dis Jaff poppy she work hall right," the old herder declared proudly.

Two days later one of the trappers stopped at Lon Enright's ranch.

"Well, I 've got six wolf pelts out on my saddle," he told Lon Enright. "An' I'm tellin' you, Enright, if it hadn't been for that little dog you'd have lost a third of your herd."

"I'm mighty glad to hear that," Lon said. "I've got a son now, and I'll need those sheep. But I'd rather have lost 'em than to have had poor old Mike lie out there an' freeze to death."

"Don't worry about that old coot," the trapper said. "It was the 'lammies and de poppy' that he was worried about. He's tough."

"Say, isn't that Jeff outside the door there?" Lon asked curiously.

"Yep," the trapper grinned. "He may be a good dog for old Mike but he shore ain't no help to my pardner. He just stands an' looks at yuh, an' whines."

Lon Enright stepped to a bedroom door. "Somebody to see you, Mike," he said. He called in the little dog, and blinked back a tear as he saw the "pop" spring upon the bed with a joyful yelp and snuggle into the arms of the old herder.

## Fine Raiment

(*Continued from page* 207)

though sharp, spoke from a capacious heart. Aunt Pris had tried with fruitless effort to turn the "black-sheep" back into the fold, assuring herself of his reconversion even after Poor Sally Indian's bitter confidences.

Aunt Priscilla was an anchor to the Indians. Many a papoose owed his free existence to her tact and bravery. Many a bloody battle was averted by her knowledge of the Indian tongue. She gave them food when they were hungry; washed their wounds; and cured their aches and pains; and berated them roundly for their lazy, shiftless ways.

Charley Indian was the proverbial "apple" of his mother's eye. For a year, now, she had puzzled over his secretive ways; wept over his frequent absences; and cringed with apprehension at the "White Man's money" he so openly displayed. That Arthur Dancey was responsible for her boy's degeneration was no fancy in Sally's subtle brain. Had she not tracked them for miles in the darkness with all the stealth and cunning of her race?

So it was that Marcia found her the following evening crouching in abject terror before Aunt Pris's dying fire. Marcia hurried into the adjoining room in search of her aunt just as Arthur sauntered through the outside door. His whistle of assurance was cut short with a terrible oath at the sight of the wretched old savage cringing there.

"You black witch, where's that young jackass of yours. He promised to meet me at daybreak on the Black Ridge with some horses we'd—traded on."

"Cha'ly heap sick. Heap big man shoot. Me come Missy Downy," and old Sally spread her trembling arms in a desperate gesture of renunciation.

Arthur grasped her by the shoulders and jerked her to her feet. Marcia, peering through the slit in the doorway, almost fainted at the evil that distorted his features.

"Where is he? Where is he?" he raged.

"I no tell; I no tell," she screeched. Then with a fierce glitter in her beady, black eyes she leaned toward him with a leer. "Big man say 'me fin' p'etty boy —me shoot heem too'."

Arthur's transformation was tragic but complete. The man he might have been rose up for one brief moment, then he seemed to shrivel—to shrink within himself.

His abject, terror-stricken figure, wrung a cry of pity from Marcia's trembling lips.

"Where's your—horse—Sally? I've *gotta*—have him. I've—gotta go; I'll—."

At the sound of Aunt Priscilla's step at the door he fled past her into the night with Sally at his heels, crying, "No take Sally's horse! Sally no go! Cha'ly heap sick."

"Well, I swan," ejaculated the good woman, peering after the two long after the clatter of hoofs had died away. "Told me Em ud had another spell, just to get me outa the way. Found her fit as a fiddle dressed up like a Jezebel for the dance."

HER soliloquy was cut short by the sound of happy laughter and the hum of voices as old folks and young trooped into her house, bearing trays and baskets, brickets and platters covered from young, prying eyes. Little David Lane and the bishop's son bore a tub of luscious mission grapes between them. Rod, with a willow basket heaped up with mellow casabas, loomed at last in the doorway. Marcia, taking advantage of the crowd, slipped unobserved amongst the laughing, jostling company just as Rod swung the basket to the floor.

Their eyes met and clung, hers with gratitude and relief; his with the tender adoration a brave and true man feels for the woman he loves. There was no time for speech for just then Em, hobbled rather than walked into the room. Her hair had been frizzed and crimped beyond all recognition and festooned behind gay ribbons and roses into a fashionable "waterfall." "Store-shoes" squeezed her poor toes in a vise. Marcia came quickly to her side and tried gently to lead her to a chair.

"Do your shoes hurt you, Em?" she whispered affectionately.

"Land! no! I turned my ankle as I come in at the gate." She tossed her head and spurned the chair with an indignant shove even as her eyes, moist with pain, devoured its comfort and security.

The girls covertly inspected the brocaded gown and the new hairdress; the boys stared in amazement; while Em stood fanning her flushed face and strutting like a peacock among drab barnyard fowls. Driven beyond endurance at last, she stooped to unfasten the tightest buttons. A rip! A scream! "Great-grand-aunt's" bodice split from shoulder to hip like the skin of an over-ripe pomegranite in the sun. A dozen young ladies quickly encircled the stricken Em, for the while chemise released from its confines billowed out like a sail in the wind.

"I told Ma she wasn't lacin' me half tight enough," she sobbed. "Take me home. My hull even's spoilt."

"Tut! Tut! 'Pride goeth before a fall;' I'll go home with you, Emmeline and you'll get to the dance dressed as a young woman in Zion should be," and Aunt Pris enveloped the hysterical girl in the folds of her best Paisley Shawl.

Some of the girls giggled, others stared after the departing pair with mingled pity and relief. The boys laughed openly and swung their partners into position for a Reel as Old Ezra mounted the bedroom steps and tucked his fiddle under his chin.

The noise ceased almost as abruptly as it had begun. Everyone turned and stared at the open doorway. Tongues clove to roofs of mouths, at the memory of pilfered melons. The bishop's son turned white as chalk. He had ridden his uncle's gelding in the pasture against strict instructions. Even gentle Benny Lane cast his eyes alternately from floor to ceiling in a vain endeavor to recall some luckless indescretion.

THE figure in the doorway loomed larger—if such a feat were possible and slipped a wicked-looking gun from one of the holsters that hung from his hips. He seemed to crush the door-frame into the very walls. No one had ever seen the sheriff from Nevada; but his reputation had long preceded his appearance. Cold as steel, hard as flint—he stood there a veritable Goliath—a colossal pillar of the law. In the merriment no one had heard the wheels of his buggy crunching through the sand. No riding horse was born that could sustain his great bulk of bone and sinew. The teams that relayed his "White-top" through the country were bred for strength and endurance.

"I am looking for horse-thieves," he bellowed, while his glittering black eyes swept the room.

The blood drained from Marcia's fingers, leaving them in a shell


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of ice. She knew before he spoke the name; he was looking for Arthur. She felt the sheriff's eyes upon her. Fear, humiliation, disgrace, swept over her in a sickening flood. Rod's arm encircled her shoulders in a reassuring grip, then his hand slipped down her arm and found her own. They stood there with fingers interlaced, facing the sheriff, together.

"Your honor," Rod said quietly, neither cowering nor cringing, "There is no one here answering to that name. We are law-abiding people, tilling our own fields, tending our flocks and herds. We envy no man his increase, neither do we ask for largess." He had not carried a book for nothing on those long journeys when freighting had threatened to become as monotonous as it had been exciting. His voice flowed on like a swift river.

All eyes turned upon him in incredulous amazement. Rod, the "tongue-tied," the country yokel, the awkward lover! He stood there as calm, as secure in his splendid strength as any Viking forbear driving his barge into the teeth of the gale.

The Sheriff's eyes bore through him like a gimlet; saw the real man beneath the homespun shirt and raised his hand in acquiescence.

"I believe you," he thundered. Then turning to Marcia, "You do well, young lady, to trust your heart to such safe keeping."

He stepped back just as Aunt Pris bustled into the room.

"To whom am I indebted for this visit?" she demanded. "I, Priscilla Downey, who never has stolen as much as a pin, accosted by a Sheriff in search of horse-thieves!"

It was the Sheriff's turn to feel the gimlet; and he flushed to the roots of his hair.

Now that she had put him in his place, her warm nature came to his rescue. Knowing with certitude the highway to a gentleman's heart be he either red or white, she stepped to the "white-top" and inspected his grub-box.

"As empty as your stummick, this very minute, I'll wager. Well, you're not among heathens. I'm as good a cook as ever crossed the Mississippi. Here, Marcia," she called as she hurried into the room, "hand me that loaf of "salt-risin" in the bin and get that jar of carrot jam on the shelf. There's a pat of butter in the crock, too, and if Pa didn't give it to Jim Big Arrow, there's half a rabbit in the dripper."

Meanwhile Rod had gathered up a pan of grapes as black as tar and honey-sweet, a dozen yellow casabas, and a basket of sugared figs. By the time the grub-box was filled to overflowing the Sheriff was docile as a huge grizzly in berry time. He deferentially shook hands with Aunt Priscilla; complimented Marcia with an elegant sweep of his "ten-gallon" hat; and gave Rod a generous dig in the ribs, that left him fairly gasping for breath.

They watched him ride off under the stars but when Rod and Marcia turned back into the room, they found the crowd and Aunt Prissy too, had slipped away into the night.

"I'd b-better get the picnic ready," Marcia stammered, trembling to find herself alone with this strange, new Rod.

AUNT PRIS had laid the home-spun cloth conveniently at hand. She shook out its creamy folds, smoothed and straightened it as Rod carried delicious cakes and cookies made with saleratus and buttermilk to their respective places of honor on the long table. Bake-ovens emitting savory odors of roast beef, mutton, quail, rabbit, sage-hens, venison and even crisp, brown trout, were set to keep hot in the ashes. Vinegar pies, apple dumplings, carrot jam, preserved ground cherries and sarvis berries, watermelon rind, pickled in its own sweet juices, sugared figs and rosy pomegranates—bursting with their own importance; filled the "granny" cupboard to overflowing. The great apple-sauce cake, redolent with spices and brown sugar and made by Aunt Prissy's old New England recipe, held the center of the table.

Marcia worked in silence, only too anxious to prolong the inevitable words Rod was longing to speak. At last even her industrious hands could find no more to do and Rod, reaching across the bounteous board, caught them in his own, and—

"Marcia, I've got a job freighting to Salt Lake until it freezes and then down the Muddy and on the coast 'till spring. I'd—I'd like to bring you something nice—to wear."

Marcia, tracing a pattern on the

hooked rug with the toe of her shoe, gave no word.

"Would you like a fan?"

An emphatic shake of the brown head was his only answer.

"Please, Marcia—let me bring you something nice. A piece of silk for a bodice?" he coaxed.

She raised her eyes, dewy with tears, her red lips trembling for his kiss.

"Oh, Rod, let Em have the fans and the silks and the store shoes; just bring me back yourself!"

## The Beloved Cinderella

(*Continued from page 215*)

It might have been hours, it might have been minutes, Star never knew how long she lay thus, sinking deeper and deeper into the cold sweet drowsiness. Then, suddenly, warm hands grasped her, she was lifted, held in strong arms.

"Star—Star!"

She opened her eyes and looked up. It was not Pap's face that was close to hers, it was another face—she was dreaming still!

"Star, do you know me? It's John Nelson. Star, my darling, my love, speak to me—look at me!"

But she sank weakly into his arms, the snow no whiter than her face.

STAR opened her eyes in her own little room—she was home! She lay for a moment, trying to remember, to piece it all together. Then suddenly she saw Mrs. Binney peeping in at the door, a changed Mrs. Binney, her round face thin, her eyes red. Star scarcely knew her.

"Why, Mother Binney!" she cried, and sat up in bed.

But Mrs. Binney instantly slipped out of sight and the door closed.

What could it mean.

"Mother Binney!" Star called again and sank back on her pillows. The warm little room held her, a fragrance came to her, she looked about her, bewildered, and saw roses on a table beside her and a great basket of fruit.

"I'm dreaming again!" she thought. Then her eyes caught the outlines of her old worn kimono, the pink one with the hole in the sleeve. She slipped out of bed and put it on. For a moment she felt weak and dizzy, then she opened the door and stole to the stairs.

"Pap!" she called softly, "Pap!"

She heard a chair move hastily, an exclamation, and Mr. Binney's grizzled head appeared at the foot of the stairs.

"Why, little Stargrass! You up, honey?"

"Pap!" she cried, "Pap—am I really safe home with you?"

The old man came upstairs and took her in his arms.

"You're goin' back to bed, honey," he said hoarsely, swallowing the lump in his throat. "You've been mighty sick—near froze yourself, Stargrass, tryin' to get home."

"Oh, Pap!" the girl clung to him, sobbing, "you know they thought I was a cheat—that I meant to cheat them. I'm not Mr. Blanchard's daughter at all, I'm—I'm just nobody!"

"There, there, honey, I know!" The old man put her down on the bed and wrapped her blankets around her.

"I'm not ill now, Pap!" she cried, clinging to his hand.

"You've been out of your head a fortnight, honey!" He patted


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her cheek. "You keep still an' I'll tell you all about it. Blanchard's been here, Stargrass; feels mighty bad he was so short with you."

"Pap, tell me," she sobbed; "it was terrible—tell me—how did it all happen?"

Mr. Binney's face grew stern.

"Honey, I'm most ashamed to tell you. I ain't spoken t' Ma since I found it out. It seems that man, Pharcellus—you remember him, Star?—he an' a pal did steal Mr. Blanchard's baby girl an' she died on 'em. He had th' clothes an' th' pal was in prison; seems-like it all worked out too easy! He was goin' t' get th' reward for information about the child—alive or dead. See? An' th' automobile spilled him out here, Ma tended him till he died, an' I reckon—" Pap scowled, cleared his throat and went on sternly—"I reckon Ma got hypnotized or somethin'. Anyways, he told her th' whole shootin'-match before he died, an' he knew about you. He says to her: 'You've been good t' me; take them clothes an' get th' reward an' then—'" Pap stopped, breathing hard—"Star, I reckon th' devil was abroad after Ma's soul, for he says to her: 'There's your little gal, she's th' age an' th' color. Take her over, give her a chance, woman, give her a chance; you ain't got nothin' for th' kid!' An', Star, honey," Pap laid his hand over hers, "Ma's told me—I'll never forgive her, but I was losin' money th' worst way and she thought I wouldn't have a cent t' leave you—an' she says you looked at th' place down there at th' Point, an' you wanted pretty things, same as other girls, an' she remembered that devil had said: 'you ain't got nothin' for th' kid,' an'—an', all at once, she went in an' did it!"

THE old man was no longer looking at the girl; he had averted his face, he hung his head.

"Stargrass, I've told her—I feel like a thief, an' she made you appear like—like as if you'd meant to cheat 'em. I—I'm ashamed to look in your face, honey!" He choked, passing his hand over his mouth with a gesture of hopeless futility. "There ain't nothing t' say—" he ended brokenly, "except I ask—I ask your pardon, Stargrass!"

"Pap," Star put her hand over his shaking one, "I'm glad to get home—oh, I know, I remember—poor Mother Binney!" Star smiled tearfully. "Pap, you've got to forgive her—she's punished enough, I know!"

He shook his head, pursing his mouth. "Never goin' to, Star, she ain't honest!"

"Pap!" Star flung her arms around his neck. "She did it for love—I did admire all that beauty down there. She loved me, she wanted me to have things, too, she didn't mean it—she didn't think it out, and, when she was in it she couldn't draw back. Pap, forgive her!"

"Can't, Star!" His face worked, but he added bravely: "Blanchard's been here two or three times. He sent you these flowers an' th' fruit, honey. He says he understands an' he ain't goin' t' jail Ma. He wants to adopt you, he misses you, an' his niece says she misses you, too; she got fond of you. Wants to adopt you regular, now he knows for sure his girl is dead. You'll go, of course, honey? He's awful rich;" Pap raised his eyes reluctantly. "Goin', Star?"

Star clung to him, her cheek against his. "Pap," she said softly, "where's Ma? You call Ma in—no, don't you go! Call Ma."

Pap rose, a little shaken, but with a set face, his white hair standing up aggressively, and went to the door.

"Mrs. Binney!" he shouted. "Mrs. Elisha Binney, you're wanted up here!"

Then he came back and stood by the window, his broad back to the room. "I ain't goin' t' look at her, Star!" he cried.

It seemed a long time before the door opened again and Mrs. Binney came in. She came slowly, a shrunken figure, her eyes down, her plump hands shaking. She took a step forward and crumpled up into the nearest chair.

STAR, in her old pink kimono, slipped out of the blankets and ran to her.

"Ma," she said softly, "Ma Binney, I know!"

"You hadn't orter come near me, Star!" she sobbed. "I reckon I'm worse than anybody—one of them automobile bandits ain't in it with me. Pap—" she strangled—"Pap wants me jailed!"

"Why, Mother Binney," Star knelt and threw her arms around

the culprit, "it was terrible, but you meant to do something great for me, didn't you? I remember your asking me about the beautiful dresses Etta wore! And I did want them—like smoke, Ma! It was just love made you do it!"

Mrs. Binney nodded, sobbing violently. "I—I loved you, Star, an' Pap was losin' money awful; we hadn't anythin'—an' I wanted you all dressed up—you're so pretty! I—I loved you, Star, an'—I—I did it all to once!"

The girl nodded her head gravely. "I know, you didn't think! Pap," Star rose and ran to him, her pink kimono no pinker than her cheeks, "if you don't forgive her—straight off—I'll—I'll go and get adopted!"

The old man turned slowly toward the sinner. Mrs. Binney, meeting his eyes, wailed aloud.

"I ain't so bad, Pap, I ain't—I always meant to tell 'em, to own up, soon as they got to know Star an' loved her enough to keep her, an'—an'," she started violently, "my land, there he is—Blanchard's at th' door!"

Someone had knocked the second time. Pap went to the door cautiously. "Why, it's John!" he exclaimed. "Just John—come to ask how you be, Star."

The girl, who was half hidden behind Mrs. Binney, looked up and saw John's face at the door. Their eyes met.

"Star!" he cried.

Something in her gray eyes answered him. He sprang toward her, searching her face.

"I thought it was Carr!" he breathed.

Star shook her head. "Oh, never, never! You didn't understand that night—I was afraid for you—."

"Star, is it possible that you—?"

She caught her breath. "You know I'm—I was only Cinderella there?" she said in a low voice. "You know, you don't despise me for it all?"

"A beloved Cinderella!" he cried joyfully.

Star's hand slipped into his, but her eyes returned to the poor old culprit in the chair; Mrs. Binney was still sobbing, unable to lift her shamed head.

"You loved me, Mother Binney," Star said generously. "She did, Pap. You know she did, John! It was just blind love made

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you do wrong, Ma, and it was beautiful and wonderful there, and —and I know now those whom I really love; it taught me a lesson! I forgive you, Mother, and Pap's got to forgive you, too. Yes, you've got to, Pap; she did a lot for me, she gave me—John!"

Pap, leaning on the table beside them, looked at Nelson and suddenly shook with silent laughter.

"Shucks," he said, and his voice had lost its sternness, "shucks! Ma didn't do that, Stargrass. It's all over, Ma. I'll forgive you, I ain't goin' to jail you as long as Blanchard won't. I forgive you, yes, I do, for Star's sake. But you ain't given John to her! I reckon I can remember a young man—a stranger in these parts then—that was mighty keen about a certain black mule a young girl was ridin' bare-back. Wanter buy Tex, John?"

THE END

## The Power of Truth

(*Continued from page 211*)

social problems and to provide means for meeting human sin and wrong, agreeing perfectly in their estimate of the gravity and awfulness of the situation, often propose diametrically opposite methods. They are regarding the subject from different points of view, and it would be intolerance for us, who are looking on, to condemn the men on either side merely because we cannot accept their verdict as our own.

On the great national questions brought before statesmen for their decision, men equally able, equally sincere, just and unselfish, differ in their remedies. One, as a surgeon, suggests cutting away the offending matter, the use of the knife,—this typifies the sword, or war. Another, as a doctor, urges medicine that will absorb and cure,— this is the prescription of the diplomat. The third suggests waiting for developments, leaving the case with time and nature,—this is the conservative. But all three classes agree as to the evil and the need of meeting it.

The conflict of authorities on every great question to be settled by human judgment should make us tolerant of the opinion of others, though we may be as confident of the rightness of the judgment we have formed as if it were foreordained from the day of the creation. But if we receive any new light that makes us see clearer, let us change at once without that foolish consistency of some natures that continue to use last year's almanac as a guide to this year's eclipses. Tolerance is ever progressive.

Intolerance believes it is born with the peculiar talent for managing the affairs of others, without any knowledge of the details better than the men themselves, who are giving their life's thought to the vital questions. Intolerance is the voice of the Pharisee still crying through the ages and proclaiming his infallibility.

LET us not seek to fit the whole world with shoes from our individual last. If we think that all music ceased to be written when Wagner laid down the pen, let us not condemn those who find enjoyment in light opera. Perhaps they may sometime rise to our heights of artistic appreciation and learn the proper parts to applaud. If their lighter music satisfies their souls, is our Wagner doing more for us? It is not fair to take from a child its rag doll in order to raise it to the appreciation of the Venus de Milo. The rag doll is its Venus; it may require a long series of increasingly better dolls to lead it to realize the beauties of the marble woman of Melos.

Intolerance makes its great mistakes in measuring the needs of others from its own standpoint. Intolerance ignores the personal equation in life. What would be an excellent book for a man of forty might be worse than useless for a boy of thirteen. The line of activity in life that we would choose as our highest dream of bliss, as our Paradise, might, if forced on another, be to him worse than the after-death fate of the wicked, according to the old-fashioned theologians. What would be a very acceptable breakfast for a sparrow would be a very poor meal for an elephant.

When we sit in solemn judgment of the acts and characters of those around us and condemn them with the easy nonchalance of our ignorance, yet with the assumption

of omniscience we reveal our intolerance. Tolerance ever leads us to recognize and respect the differences in the natures of those who are near to us, to make allowance for differences in training, in opportunities, in ideals, in motives, in tastes, in opinions, in temperaments and in feelings. Intolerance seeks to live other people's lives *for* them; sympathy helps us to live their lives *with* them. We must accept humanity with all its weakness, sin and folly and seek to make the best of it, just as humanity must accept us. We learn this lesson as we grow older, and, with the increase of our knowledge of the world, we see how much happier life would have been for us and for others if we had been more tolerant, more charitable, more generous.

No one in the world is absolutely perfect; if he were he would probably be translated from earth to heaven, as was Elijah of old, without waiting for the sprouting of wings or the passport of death. It is a hard lesson for youth to learn, but we must realize, as the old college professor said to his class of students, bowed with the consciousness of their wisdom: "No one of us is infallible, no, not even the youngest." Let us accept the little failings of those around us as we accept facts in nature, and make the best of them, as we accept the hard shells of nuts, the skin of fruits, the shadow that always accompanies light. These are not absolute faults, they are often but individual peculiarities. Intolerance sees the mote in its neighbor's eye as larger than the beam in its own.

INSTEAD of concentrating our thought on the one weak spot in a character, let us seek to find some good quality that offsets it, just as a credit may more than cancel a debt on a ledger account. Let us not constantly speak of roses having thorns, let us be thankful that the thorns have roses. In Nature there are both thorns and prickles; thorns are organic, they have their root deep in the fibre and the being of the twig; prickles are superficial, they are lightly held in the cuticle or covering of the twig. There are thorns in character that reveal an internal inharmony, that can be controlled only from within; there are also prickles, which are merely peculiarities of temperament, that


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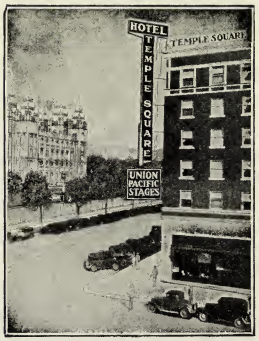


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the eye of tolerance may overlook and the finger of charity can gently remove.

The tenderness of tolerance will illuminate and glorify the world, —as moonlight makes all things beautiful,—if we only permit it. Measuring a man by his weakness alone is unjust. This little frailty may be but a small mortgage on a large estate, and it is narrow and petty to judge by the mortgage on a character. Let us consider the "equity," the excess of the real value over the claim against it.

Unless we sympathetically seek to discover the motive behind the act, to see the circumstances that inspired a course of living, the target at which a man is aiming, our snap condemnations are but arrogant and egotistic expressions of our intolerance. All things must be studied relatively instead of absolutely. The hour hand on a clock does just as valuable work as the minute hand, even though it is shorter and seems to do only one-twelfth as much.

Intolerance in the home circle shows itself in overdiscipline, in an atmosphere of severity heavy with prohibitions. The home becomes a place strewn with "Please keep off the grass" signs. It means the suppression of individuality, the breaking of the wills of children, instead of their development and direction. It is the foolish attempt to mould them from the outside, as a potter does clay; the higher conception is the wise training that helps the child to help himself in his own growth. Parents often forget their own youth; they do not sympathize with their children in their need of pleasure, of dress, of companionship. There should be a few absolutely firm rules on essentials, the basic principles of living, with the largest possible leeway for the varying manifestations of individuality in unimportant phases. Confidence, sympathy, love and trust would generate a spirit of tolerance and sweetness that would work marvels. Intolerance converts live, natural children into prigs of counterfeit virtue and irritatingly good automatons of obedience.

TOLERANCE is a state of mutual concessions. In the family life there should be this constant reciprocity of independence, this mutual forbearance. It is the instinctive recognition of the sacredness of individuality, the right of each to live his own life as best he can. When we set ourselves up as dictators to tyrannize over the thoughts, words and acts of others, we are sacrificing the kingly power of influence with which we may help others, for the petty triumph of tyranny which repels and loses them.

Perhaps one reason why the sons of great and good men so often go astray is that the earnestness, strength and virtue of the father, exacting strict obedience to the letter of the law, kills the appreciation of the spirit of it, breeding an intolerance that forces submission under which the fire of protest and rebellion is smouldering, ready to burst into flame at the first breath of freedom. Between brother and sister, husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, the spirit of tolerance, of "making allowances," transforms a house of gloom and harshness into a home of sweetness and love.

In the sacred relation of parent to child there always comes a time when the boy becomes a man, when she whom the father still regards but as a little girl faces the great problems of life as an individual. The coming of years of discretion brings a day when the parents must surrender their powers of trusteeship, when the individual enters upon his heritage of freedom and responsibility. Parents have still the right and privilege of counsel and of helpful, loving insight their children should respect. But in meeting a great question, when the son or daughter stands before a problem that means happiness or misery for a lifetime, it must be for him or for her to decide. Coercion, bribery, undue influence, threats of disinheritance, and the other familiar weapons, are cruel, selfish, arrogant and unjust. A child is a human being, free to make his own life, not a slave. There is a clearly marked dead-line that it is intolerance to cross.

LET us realize that tolerance is ever broadening; it develops sympathy, weakens worry and inspires calmness. It is but charity and optimism, it is Christianity as a living eternal fact, not a mere theory. Let us be tolerant of the weakness of others, sternly intolerant of our own. Let us seek to

forgive and forget the faults of others, losing sight, to a degree, of what they are in the thought of what they may become. Let us fill their souls with the inspiring revelation of their possibilities in the majestic evolution march of humanity. Let us see, for ourselves and for them, in the acorn of their present the towering oak of their future.

We should realize the right of every human soul to work out its own destiny, with our aid, our sympathy, our inspiration, if we are thus privileged to help him to live his life; but it is intolerance to try to live it for him. He sits alone on the throne of his individuality; he must reign alone, and at the close of his rule must give his own account to the God of the ages of the deeds of his kingship. Life is a dignified privilege, a glorious prerogative of every man, and it is arrogant intolerance that touches the sacred ark with the hand of unkind condemnation.

## Trees of Modern Zion

(Continued from page 223)

objection to use of black locust may be made because of its extreme hardness when dry. To overcome this, tools used in working black locust wood should be worked in oil. In driving staples, the staple may either be first stuck in "cup grease" or in ordinary laundry soap.) The only surviving trees planted by President Young on the north side of South Temple between State and Main are black locusts, evidencing not only his esteem for the tree but also their adaptability to our climate.

Every farmer not near by an abundant supply of easily obtained native cedars, should have a black locust wood lot. The black locusts grow rapidly, and if properly placed in nursery rows quickly grow into good sized trees. The ground should be good soil, and capable of being watered. When large enough for timber, the black locust can be cut close to the ground, and the second growth shoots, thinned properly will again grow into timber for posts, or for use in tools, such as single trees, double trees or handles for various implements where strength and toughness are desired.

(To be Concluded)


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Glendale, California.

Dear Editor:

DON'T let anybody talk you out of printing the stories and verses by Ardyth Kennelly. We like them. In "Some Beautiful Way" her little girl tugged at our hearts so hard that it brought tears to our eyes.

Surely nothing more lovely than this could be found for the pages of your magazine.

As ever with kind regards,
Samuel H. Hanks.

MISS KENNELLY writing from Albany, Oregon, says: "Some day I shall see you." That will be "a nice day."

OUT here twelve thousand miles away we look forward to the coming of the *Era*," writes Elder F. L. Anderson, from Lubiaco, West Australia. "Your articles have helped more than one missionary who has lacked some cardinal point around which to build his sermon." Mr. Anderson applauds our poets also: "The poetry seems to have the divine touch of the Master to add to the beauty of each line. It is very beneficent to the elder who thinks of home at times. It seems to snatch the thoughts from his very brain and convey them back to his home-land."

D. STERLING WHEELWRIGHT, sub-dean of the American Guild of Organists, Illinois Chapter, Chicago, finds the *Era* interesting after a period of eight years. "I don't recall," says he in a letter to O. B. Peterson, "having seen an issue of the *Era* since I left home just eight years ago this month, to study at Northwestern University. We have never felt that this was our home, so the *Era* may drive us to such homesickness that the West will claim us again. * * * What a thrill we had in turning the pages of this old-time friend! Here was not the sedate old journal that adorned the parlor table in our childhood, but a modern family magazine, with food for the spirit as well as for the intellect. * * * We shall look forward to receiving every issue, and to having its spirit bring us still closer to Zion."

THE southern half of the "Land of Zion"—South America—speaking through George Wallace Fox, endorses the *Era*. "If a criticism were to be made," said Mr. Fox, "I could not make it to or of *The Improvement Era*, but rather would I make it of those persons who have the opportunity to have *The Improvement Era* in their homes and yet refuse that opportunity. To the missionary in the field *The Improvemnet Era* is indispensable, because it offers relaxation and complete diversion after a long day of tracting. The entire magazine refreshes the mind. * * * *The Improvement Era* is now a necessary organ in our Church." Buenos Aires, Argentina.

I ENJOYED entering your contest," writes Miss Velma Kinzler, Henrieville, Utah, "and was happy in winning one of your first prizes. I consider it a great honor and shall always try to participate in your contest work." Miss Kinzler won one of the first prizes in our "Foundations For Happiness Contest."

WRITING to our business manager, Elder Melvin J. Ballard, Dr. Ed. B. Brossard, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., Washington, D. C., after expressing appreciation of the letter of commendation from Elder Ballard for going over the top in the *Era* drive, said: "In turn we want to congratulate you for making *The Improvement Era* a magazine that is worth subscribing to. Under your leadership the magazine has become not only instructive as it has always been but a very attractive and modern publication. We are delighted with it. You deserve great credit."

MISS EVELYN IVERSON, who had much to do with the success of the *Era* drive in the nation's capital, also won the prize at George Washington University for being the best all-round student. We congratulate Miss Iverson and thank the friend who told us of her achievement. She is an *Improvement Era* girl.

THE most intelligent ten animals in the world, excluding man of course, according to George W. Gray, writing to the *New York Times Magazine*, are: 1. The chimpanzee, 2. The Oran-utan, 3. The elephant, 4. The gorilla, 5. The domestic dog, 6. The beaver, 7. The domestic horse, 8. The sea lion, 9. The bear, 10. the domestic cat. At that writing perhaps Mr. Gray had not seen "Smoky" and his mother as interpreted by Will James.

I LEFT the Christmas *Era* around (artfully posed, carelessly, here and there) just for Christmas atmosphere—the cover was so beautiful," said Kathleen B. Nelson, in a letter to the editors. We hope she will enjoy this April issue in the same manner, as we have tried to give to it April atmosphere. (An aside: Her letter had nothing to do with our running her delightful story in the March issue: we had it scheduled for March before we received the letter.)

EUGENE K. MANGUM, from Arizona, now on a mission in Binghampton, New York, says the elders out that way enjoy the magazine and look forward to its arrival. "I have just been reading the February issue of the *Era*, and I enjoyed it so much I thought I would let you know how one elder at least feels about the *Era*. * * * I especially enjoyed 'The Playing Missionary.' I am enjoying also the new series of articles, 'The Power of Truth'." By the way, the booklet containing all of the articles printed in *The Improvement Era* will soon be off the press and available.

DURING the installments of 'Forever or Never' we missionaries here in the land where John Alder got educated often decided to tell you what we thought of it," write missionaries of Amsterdam District, "but the result was the same as in belling the cat, nothing happened. In our Christmas get-together of our district we discussed it again and voted to send a letter of thanks to the *Era*, and here it is. We all find it helpful and when we finish a copy there are plenty of Saints here waiting to get it, as many of them read English. It helps them to get a better idea of what happens in Utah. The story that caused so much comment was heartily enjoyed by us all, even if a few of us did kick about the inconsistencies in it, and our hope is that the *Era* keeps coming, and keeps the same high quality or material."

ELDERS IN HOLLAND

Back row, left to right: Kenneth E. Knapp, John S. Lugt, Morris H. Winward (District President), Clinton Espesson, D. J. Wander Werff.
Kneeling, left to right: Sterling K. Hixson, Alma H. Dalebout, Raymond V. Koozmon.

TYPE really will not compress and, therefore, we have apologies to make. We announced in our advance folder two articles and a story for April which we could not use on account of lack of space. However, we gave some things we did not announce. "Soil as a living System," by Dr. Martin; "Diets Debunked," by the Medical Staff of Brigham Young University; and "Glitter," a story by Louise B. Stock, will appear in May.

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